

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

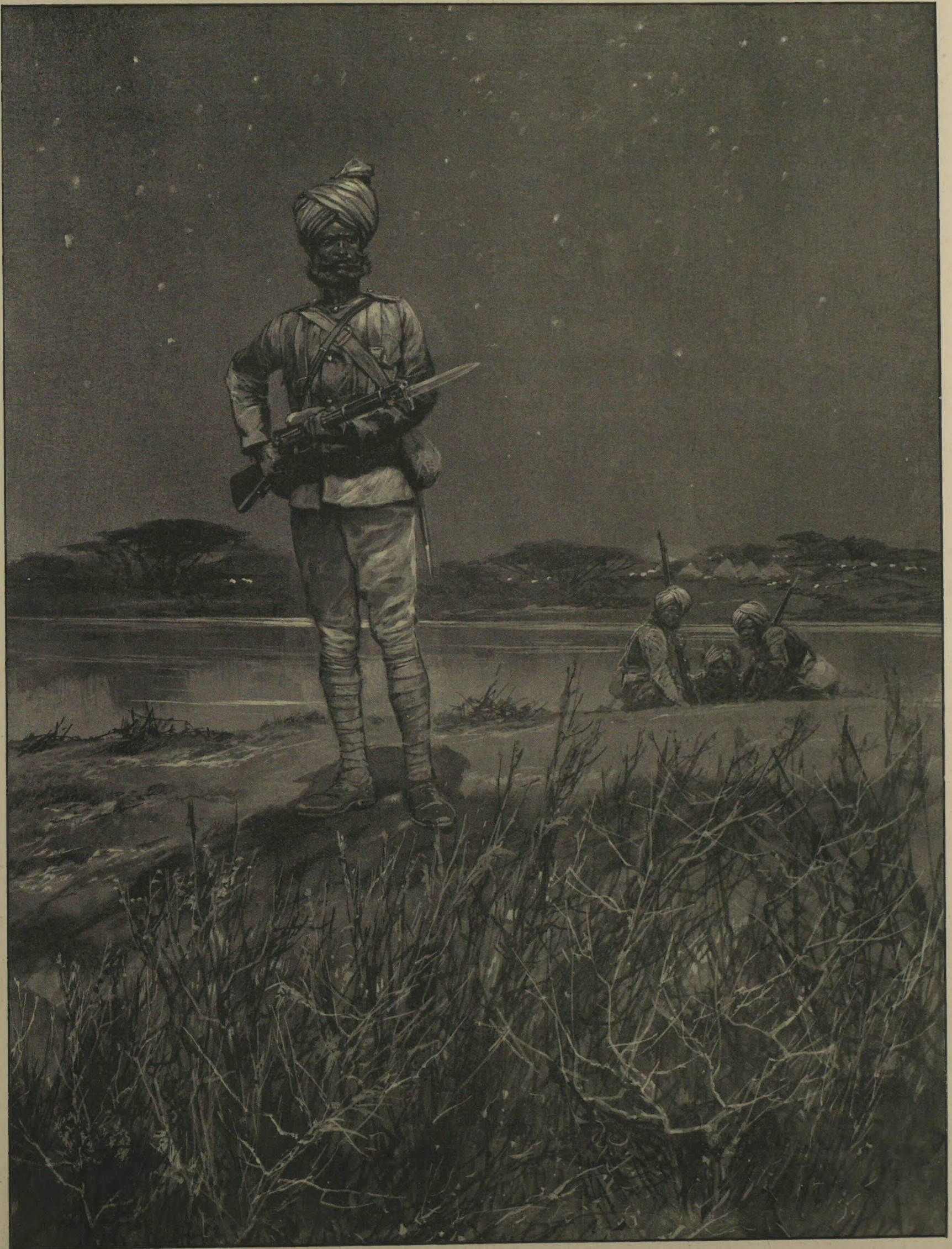
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SIXPENCE.

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THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: OUTPOST DUTY—"HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have a correspondent who is good enough to read the "Note Book" with an eagle eye. I like that sort of reader; none of your skipping spirits for me! Down with the citizen who takes up an illustrated paper simply to look at the pictures! I see him often at the club, and he little suspects that, in an adjoining easy-chair, I am thirsting for his blood. But the correspondent with the eagle eye is a blessed compensation. Not a word escapes him; he spies the insidious fallacy, and tracks it to its lair. "Do not mariners pour oil upon the troubled seas?" I was rash enough to ask lately. "Apparently they do not," he writes; "nor do I see any oil-tanks added to any of our magnificent vessels." Then he points out that although storms on our coasts hurl destructive billows upon "consolidated embankments," nobody dreams of quelling the assault by squirting oil at the foe. Most true; and people who are engaged in the oil-trade ought to cause questions to be put in Parliament. But even the eagle-eye shuts now and then for much-needed repose. It must have missed the circumstantial account in the newspapers, some three weeks back, of the stormy voyage of the *Germanic*. For two days the seas broke over the vessel with a fury that did not abate until the mariners soothed them with oil. So my suggestion seems to have some foundation in history, if not in science.

But my correspondent has not done with me. "What do you know about theology? Why should Admiral Wilson be unacquainted with Biblical criticism because you are?" This is a just punishment. I ought not to have assumed that the gallant Admiral who directs the Home Fleet was probably no Biblical critic. When he was appointed to this command, My Lords of the Admiralty must have reflected that, in a surreptitious visit to the North Sea, he might encounter "my dear Hollmann." How explain his presence in those waters? He might engage Admiral Hollmann in a discussion about the effect of oil in smoothing the turbulence for which the North Sea is noted. But how much better to accost the Kaiser's naval theologian on his favourite topic? Imagine the scene: it is reported to Admiral Wilson that the German flag-ship has been sighted. "Very good," says he. "Present my compliments to Admiral Hollmann, and ask him what he thinks of Voltaire's opinion of Habakkuk." This message is sent by aerogram, and in a few moments the two Admirals are so deep in theology that "my dear Hollmann" quite forgets to demand what the British Squadron is doing there!

I confess that the question, "What do you know about theology?" piqued me not a little. When your pet hobby is challenged in this way, and you are not allowed to ride it forthwith, there is bitterness of soul. I laid before my Editor several chapters of a manuscript treatise, entitled "From Zoroaster to Dr. Parker," and asked his permission to print them by instalments in the "Note Book." He was obdurate; he would not even consent to publish the whole work as an illustrated supplement, though I pointed out with much humility that the pictures alone would allure the public. Baulked of my dearest wish, I can only assure my eagle-eyed friend that some knowledge of theology is necessary to every man who studies the vagaries of the human mind. He must contemplate the early theologians who held that the world was created in six days because six was a sacred number, and the later divine who announced that the Creation occurred B.C. 4004, on October 23, at nine o'clock in the morning, and the learned doctors who proved that the belief in witchcraft was essential to salvation, that the practice of medicine was an agency of Satan, and that surgery was a blasphemous desecration of "the temple of the Holy Ghost." Nothing, in short, offers such an instructive commentary on the evolution of man as the history of theology.

In a morning paper I find the bachelor with a new grievance. He says he lives in one of the Inns of Court, and on a wet or foggy day cannot reach his club. There are no "inviting restaurants" at hand, and he is thrown upon his own resources of cookery. Then follows an account of his adventures with a gas-stove, poached eggs, and Welsh rarebits. He burns his fingers, ruins his saucepan, and fills the Inn with "ungodly odours." I wonder that his neighbours do not rise in a body, put him into a cab, and send him to his club carriage paid. To say there is no inviting restaurant near his Inn is absurd, for any restaurant must be more inviting than his kitchen. But he gravely complains that there is no cookery-book suited to the capacity of "a child of six"; and another bachelor kindly explains to him the excellent dishes he can make "with a little patience and practice." Just imagine a man who, I presume, has some rational occupation, setting himself to master "stews" because he cannot walk to his club through the rain, or patronise the nearest restaurant! The perversity of woman is the theme of gibes; but she

is reason incarnate contrasted with this bachelor who wants to take his ease in his Inn.

And the counsellor who hastens to the rescue! He, if you please, is a past-master of "stews," a professor of the frying-pan, a philosopher of tinned soups. He unfolds his precious lore, parades his pots and pans. You can see that the poor deluded creature believes himself to be a Francatelli. He would lure you into his chambers just to practise his monomania on you under the specious guise of hospitality. He would offer you a chop "cooked in a frying-pan"! I am told by erudite observers that one of the few real weaknesses of woman is that she can see no difference between the chop from the pan and the chop from the grill. Man knows, or should know, that the chop from the pan is not a chop at all; it is a non-descript mass of violated mutton; it is an unspeakable affront to palate and digestion alike. And yet the bachelor licentiate of the gas-stove would rather fry his chop than turn into a chophouse where the mutton is laid respectfully on the grill! For one lucid moment I give him credit. "Bachelors should avoid pastry-making." That demands more practice than you can spare from your law studies or the Stock Exchange. But there's "shepherd's pie" for your Inns of Court: some appalling mess of mashed potatoes spread over the meat; the sort of refection you might expect if you dined with Gipsy John, the beloved among baritones, who used to sing, "Come, dip your-fingers in the stew," to rows of adoring damsels at ballad concerts.

I do not believe any man, however accomplished a *chef*, ever had the spiritual grace that is needed for pastry. It is an expression of the soul. Tolstoy says that whatever our five senses can report upon belongs to the material world (he includes ghosts because you are supposed to see them); and it is undeniable that pastry appeals to the sense of taste. Still, it has a supermundane grace that almost makes it an intimation of immortality. Let us say, at any rate, that it is a rapt expression of that unselfish devotion which makes woman one with the angel. This great idea visited me the other evening in the third act of "The Admirable Crichton." When the shipwrecked peer and his family have been two years on the desert island, his nephew, the Honourable Ernest, resolves to propose to Tweeny, the cook. "Her light pastry!" he murmurs in an ecstasy to the young clergyman who is asked to perform the marriage rite. Her light pastry has lifted his soul to unwonted heights, for he was originally a distinctly materialistic young man. Why is it so light as almost to melt into the inscrutable mystery of the universe? Because she does not care a button for the Honourable Ernest, but cherishes an apparently hopeless passion for Crichton the butler—a passion so free from earthly dross that it suffers in silence, and makes its exquisite sorrow into the flakes of apricot tart! Let the bachelor in the Inns of Court ponder that.

The journals in Paris no longer astonish by their vivacity. They are growing prosy; they give their readers news instead of the sparkling commentary which, in the old days, invented its news as it went along. Age is telling at last, even upon Rochefort; he seems to be at the end of his epithets. After all, zoology has its limitations; and when your method of controversy is to liken your opponent to the least prepossessing animals, you must exhaust the species in time. There is a danger that Parisian readers will settle down to the humdrum of the world, the trivial round, the common task. This prospect appears to inflame the blood of the reckless spirits who have started a new journal called *Le Mousquetaire*, designed to reincarnate the famous swordsmen immortalised by Dumas. The editors of this sprightly print fight one another when they have any leisure. M. Max Régis went out with M. Laberdesque, and was neatly scratched on the forearm. The humane seconds intervened, and the combatants parted with inflammatory vows to meet at Philippi. Philippi, for Parisians, is a pleasant rendezvous for fencing bouts which do not let a dangerous quantity of blood.

The new Musketeers have other devices for killing tedium. They sit in cafés, and write articles which provoke challenges. It must be pleasant for visitors to see Max Régis at a table engaged in a fiery composition which is to lead to more scratching of forearms. You yearn to read his article, and up goes the circulation of *Le Mousquetaire*. In the next number you have an account of the duel and the bulletins of the forearm. Our prosaic London would not support a journal of that character; but why not give life to our restaurants by a little fierceness with strangers? "Sir, I do not like the cut of your jib." "Sir, my jib was not cut to please you." Then a round or two with the gloves in a room set apart for the purpose, and a slightly enlarged cheek-bone in lieu of the scratched forearm! Surely a fillip for the stamina which runs so low in the city-bred, and a pleasant exercise on a wet afternoon! We have so many wet afternoons, but, alas! no Max Régis.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The feature of the Haymarket revival of Colman and Garrick's old comedy, "The Clandestine Marriage," first produced at Drury Lane in 1766, and the cause of a quarrel between the authors, is Mr. Cyril Maude's thoughtful stage-management, which puts body into a thin play, and gives additional point even to its final and famous midnight scene in the corridor. The story of the secret marriage and many trials of a merchant's daughter and his gentleman employé contains several quaintly emphasised stock types; still it would scarcely have escaped oblivion (for its neat dialogue just escapes being literature) but for the character of the vain and senile but kindly Lord Ogleby, who for a time thinks the married ingénue a victim of his charms, and ultimately acts as the lovers' good angel. This quaint peer, whom Garrick was intended to and Tom King did interpret, is made the subject of one of Mr. Maude's most finished studies of aristocratic dotage—his very toilette becomes the most solemn of farcical ceremonies. But it is not only in Ogleby's scenes that the Haymarket actor-manager's helpful imagination is evident. Every possible atom of fun, and indeed of picturesqueness, is extracted from the fatuous city man's garden-maze, and Mr. Maude may take credit no less than Mrs. Calvert for her droll portrait of the Malapropian and tyrannous rich widow, Mrs. Heidelberg, or than Miss Beatrice Ferrar for her vivacious rendering of the heroine's spiteful and jilted elder sister. Experts can conceive how Mr. Lionel Rignold revels in the vulgarities of the merchant, how pretty and appealing is Miss Jessie Bateman as the ingénue, and how Mr. Aynsworth, Mr. Matthews, and Mr. Hallard also assist Mr. Maude in making an old play thoroughly acceptable.

THE OPENING OF SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S NEW THEATRE.

Kept out of the playhouse which bears his name by the exceptional success of that French-made farce, "The Marriage of Kitty," Sir Charles Wyndham has at last found a home and made a welcome reappearance in his handsome and just completed New Theatre. As, however, the veteran actor's season is limited to five weeks, he has wisely relied on a revival—a revival of one of the prettiest and most popular plays of his Criterion management—to wit, Messrs. Louis Parker and Murray Carson's "Rosemary." Hard to please must any theatre-goer be who cannot still enjoy the tender sentiment and picturesque early Victorian setting of this dainty idyll, more especially as it affords Charles Wyndham and his charming ally, Mary Moore, almost the happiest histrionic opportunities they have ever obtained in their long association. The play, too, was well suited to the particular circumstances which attended the first night of its reproduction. With characteristic generosity, Sir Charles Wyndham had promised the proceeds of the initial performance to the British Soldiers' and Sailors' Wives and Families Association, and that deserving charity profited to the extent of some £1500 by the opening of the New Theatre.

"MY LADY MOLLY," AT TERRY'S.

If "My Lady Molly," the new "comedy-opera" of Terry's Theatre, suggests, with its eighteenth-century tavern and country hall, its jovial squire and his chorus of accommodating huntsmen, its two pairs of lovers and its comic rascal, an obvious indebtedness to a certain "Dorothy," so refined and, by comparison, so artistic an entertainment is an agreeable relief from the rambling and sophisticated buffooneries of modern musical comedy. Conventional as may be Mr. Jessop's story of the adventurous lady who assumes the identity and garb of a jilted but beloved suitor to prevent his marrying another damsel, its interest is briskly sustained amid the clash of duelling swords and the swish of gorgeous gowns, and is immeasurably heightened by the sprightly and melodious, if scarcely Old-English, score of the popular composer of "The Geisha" music. Thanks to Mr. Sydney Jones's lively dances, lusty choruses, impassioned lyrics, and elaborate concerted numbers; thanks to the handsome mounting of the piece; thanks also to capital interpreters—an exquisite stage-boy in Miss Sybil Arundale, a sound tenor in Mr. Walter Hyde, a robust baritone in Mr. Richard Green, an arch chanter in Miss Decima Moore, and a breezy comedian in Mr. Bert Gilbert—this last cast for a part plainly inspired by Lever—"My Lady Molly" should find no difficulty in conquering a host of London admirers.

THE STAGE SOCIETY'S NEW PLAY.

The writer of many quaint "sequels" of other men's plays, Mr. St. John Hankin has turned dramatist himself. The development from critic to creative artist is quite a natural one to-day, and now all that is needed is that Mr. *Punch's* satirist should supply a sequel to his own piece, and tell us what happened to his middle-class husbands, "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," after they had become reconciled to their respective partners. The idea, of course, of Mr. Hankin's comedy (just produced by the Stage Society) is not exactly new—is, indeed, that of "The Serious Family"—but our latest playwright gives it vivacious if rather thin-drawn treatment. The real merit of his work consists in the skill with which he sketches his chief characters, especially the two brothers—James, affectionate and meek, reduced to insignificance and subterfuge in his own house; Richard, breezy and defiant, prepared to separate from his spouse rather than submit to puritanical tyranny. Very well served was Mr. Hankin last Monday afternoon by a company of young players, including Mr. H. Nye Chart and Mr. A. E. George as the two Wetherbys, and Miss Ellen O'Malley and Miss Nancy Price as the two wives; but genuine credit for an entertaining *matinée* was due to the author himself, who, though inclined to let the slight action of his play drag for the sake of his dialogue, contrived no little wit and some amusing incident.



## THE LATE DEAN BRADLEY.

George Granville Bradley, D.D., LL.D., who, it will be remembered, retired from the Deanery of Westminster almost immediately after the Coronation ceremony, died on March 13, after a long illness. Dr. Bradley was a son of the Rev. Charles Bradley, incumbent of St. James's, Clapham, and was born in 1821. Educated at Clapham Grammar School, at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and at University College, Oxford, to an open Fellowship of which he had been elected, he took a First in Classical Honours in 1844, and in the next year was successful in winning the Chancellor's Prize for the best Latin essay on "The Equestrian Order in the Roman Republic." From 1846 till 1858 he was an Assistant Master at Rugby, in the latter year becoming Head Master of Marlborough, where he remained for twelve years. It was on accepting the appointment to Marlborough that he took orders. From 1870 till 1881 he was Master of University College, Oxford; in 1879 he became Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen; in 1880 and 1881 he was a member of the University of Oxford Commission; and in 1881 he was appointed Canon of Worcester. The same year he was appointed Dean by Mr. Gladstone in succession to Stanley, who had been his master and friend. They were alike in this, that neither was much concerned with theology. But Stanley was pre-eminently the Dean of Westminster, whereas Bradley had done his life-work at Marlborough. His failing health was evident during the Coronation ceremony of last year, and his retirement only conformed with expectation. Dr. Bradley married in 1849 Marian, daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Philpot, formerly Rector of Great Cressingham, Norfolk. He has been justly described as one of the greatest teachers that ever lived, and in this capacity he had a far-reaching influence which the public has never fully estimated.

## ART NOTES.

The new exhibition at the Fine-Art Society's Galleries has been furnished by the water-colours of Mr. Eyre Walker, R.W.S.—"Woodland, Moor, and Stream." The work is good of its kind, and the kind is that of our national art, very honestly intent upon the beauties of Nature, and upon doing something to imitate the landscape and to remind the tourist. It is a tenable opinion that this is the best way to make a picture, and those who hold it differ fundamentally from lovers of decorative art as to what a picture is. The imitative landscape is sunny, and as the convention of tone is not used, it is high and light—so generally as to give an uneasy, over-coloured look to walls hung with many examples. But to do this many-coloured landscape well asks no slight skill. Mr. Eyre Walker does it very ably, as in the various distances of "Holne, Devonshire," in the transparent shadow and pure light of "Sunny Glade and Shadowy Pool," and in the very delicate large light-blue shadow on the hills of "Raydale." The imitative landscape is not generally simple, but in "Water-Meadows" and "Yarmouth, Isle of Wight," the method is simpler and very pleasant. Another beautiful drawing is "A Pool in the Lowther." Mr. Eyre Walker is naturally fond of blue skies; sometimes he fills these with atmosphere, and attains a charming colour; but here and there the blue is somewhat cold. In either case, to give light to a decided blue sky over a scene pitched in a high tone is to reach a success worth having. Ruskin asked that when a bright sky was attempted, the brightness of earth should also be confessed.

At the Carfax Gallery, Ryder Street, Mr. Augustus John exhibits etchings, drawings, paintings, and pastels, of mixed quality. Mr. John draws so admirably well—with so much distinction and power—that he has no need to amuse the public, or perhaps rather himself, with some pranks here played. He is much preoccupied with the *bourgeois*, and with the inglorious feat of astonishing him. Why? How is it worth while? And if the astonishment is justified, the laugh—such as it is—remains with the *bourgeois*. For why should he not be disturbed by Mr. John's race of men and women four heads high? Mystification, as the French call it, or coney-catching, as we said in Shakspeare's days, is surely an over-prized pleasure. At any rate, it is no more purely artistic than the sentimental preoccupation which for many years past we have abjured. Mr. John exhibits three paintings: one a head done in obvious imitation of the second-century portraits in the National Gallery, and the other in apparent imitation of Goya. But he has not Goya's dreadful drama; and the action of the woman who lifts her hand to a distracted head is much more like that of a modern English actress than like the desperate motion of a tragic creature of Goya's genius. Who does not know this impotent gesture of the stage? In following Goya, Mr. John has, however, taken a great model. In imitating the second-century man (an obscure journeyman from Greece, one supposes, who did mortuary portraits in Egypt) he has chosen to follow a corrupt and feeble art. Is this again in order to astonish the *bourgeois*?

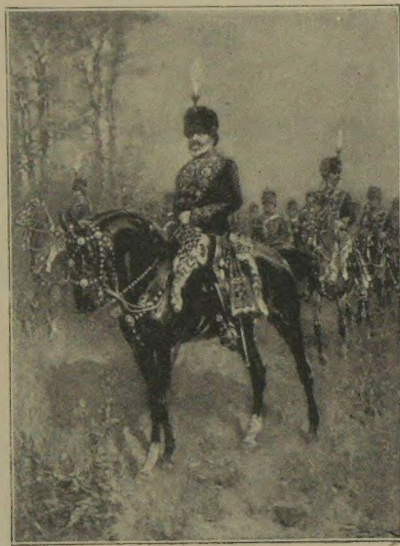
In colour Mr. John has a peculiar quality of beauty, and his "Mumpers" have in their uncouth group two faces of strangely brilliant glow, the features touched in with scarlet, after the manner of Monticelli. And the whole scheme of sky and draperies is wildly fine. For the etchings we have nothing but admiration. The construction, the line, are thoroughly excellent, and the heads are full of character and dignity. Especially to be noted are "Head of a Gypsy," "Head of an Old Man," and "The Retired Draper." Among the drawings are five particularly beautiful "Studies of a Woman's Head."

## PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, the return of Mr. Chamberlain restored that personal and dramatic interest which has been sadly lacking in his absence. He was invited by Mr. Ellis to publish his South African speeches; but he said that they numbered seventy, and he did not feel justified in reproducing all of them at the public expense. Mr. Arnold-Forster explained the Navy Estimates. The shipbuilding programme for the coming year comprised three battle-ships, four first-class armoured cruisers, three third-class cruisers, four very fast scouts, fifteen destroyers, and ten submarines. The Mediterranean Fleet had been materially strengthened. No pains had been spared with the Channel Fleet and the Home Fleet, and as for coal, the Admiralty were storing patent fuel throughout the world. A very animated discussion was initiated by Mr. Gibson Bowles as to naval education. The Admiralty propose to train boys of twelve for the Service, and it was objected by Sir John Gorst that at so tender an age no boy knew his own mind. Moreover, few parents could afford the five years' training at £100 a year, and the principle of the scheme made competitive examination impossible, and threw us back on the old system of nomination. Mr. Haldane supported the proposal of the Admiralty, and Mr. Arnold-Forster reminded the House that the system of nomination, so far from being anti-democratic, prevailed in the American navy.

There was some murmuring by the Opposition at the magnitude of the Navy Estimates. Mr. Lough suggested that they might be reduced by some arrangement with the other Powers, and Mr. Edmund Robertson said it would be an excellent and economical thing to have a system of universal arbitration. Mr. Arnold-Forster recalled the fact that Lord Goschen, when he was at the Admiralty, twice proposed disarmament to the Continental Powers, but received no response. We had no choice but to increase the Navy in proportion to the armaments of other nations. Mr. Labouchere said he did not object to a strong Navy, but the total expenditure offended him, and he moved a reduction of £373,000. This curious proposal was supported in a division by twenty-seven members.

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The Coming Reaction: A Brief Survey and Criticism of the Vices of our Economic System. Legislator. (Milne. 7s. 6d.)

The Stumbling Block. Edwin Pugh. (Heinemann. 6s.)

The Sailor King. Fitzgerald Molloy. Two vols. (Hutchinson. 24s.)

Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Two vols. (Longmans, Green. 25s.)

Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender. Andrew Lang. (Longmans, Green. 7s. 6d.)



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RETURN.

A very hearty welcome awaited Mr. Chamberlain on his return from his Colonial tour. Political differences were for the moment set aside, and the Corporation of Southampton prepared a congratulatory reception, while the electors of West Birmingham sent a deputation with a message of greeting. The Union Castle liner *Norman* was timed to reach Ocean Quay, Southampton, at nine o'clock on the morning of March 14, and exactly at the hour appointed the great vessel came alongside her berth. Opposite Netley, representatives of the Union Castle line, accompanied by Lord Selborne, had come on board the steamer, and, as the vessel approached, the First Lord of the Admiralty could be seen on deck in conversation with Mrs. Chamberlain. Prominent on the quay were Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Misses Chamberlain, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and near them stood the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton in their official robes. As soon as the vessel had been made fast, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, accompanied by his brother and sisters, went on board, and the party adjourned to the private drawing-room of the steamer. A few minutes after, the Southampton deputation was announced, and the formal congratulations took place in the library of the *Norman*. The Mayor, Mr. Sanders, recalled to Mr. Chamberlain's memory the fact that they had both been schoolboys at University College School, London.

It is fifty years since they last met. The party then landed and was received with hearty cheers by the crowd of spectators. Entering carriages, they drove to Hartley Hall, where the reception was most enthusiastic. The Mayor presented the civic address,



A REPUTED RAPHAEL RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN SEVILLE.

recording in greater detail the day half a century ago when Mr. Chamberlain stood in the theatre of University College to receive recognition for success in his studies. On that occasion he was placed first in mathematics, and was distinguished also in other subjects. Mr. Chamberlain, in a reply of considerable length, returned thanks for the kindness of his welcome. Turning to politics, he spoke hopefully of South Africa, but he remarked significantly that, although the King of Portugal had substituted for the old name of the Cape of Storms the new one "Cape of Good Hope," the hope had been constantly deferred. Progress must be slow, yet in his opinion it would be certain.

The journey to Waterloo was made by special train. On the platform of the London terminus a distinguished company, including the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Commander-in-Chief, and other prominent officials, was waiting to receive the returning Minister. Mr. Balfour greeted his colleague with great cordiality, and they immediately held an earnest and somewhat prolonged conversation, in which, it is believed, Mr. Balfour gave Mr. Chamberlain an outline of the present situation. Outside Waterloo a throng of people cheered the Colonial Secretary and Mrs. Chamberlain as they drove towards Prince's Gardens, where friends and neighbours crowded their doors and windows, and a large concourse filled the street to see the home-coming.

## SOMALILAND.

From Bohotle, Colonel Swann telegraphed to the Secretary of State for War that a good water-supply had been found at Lasakante, thirty-two miles south of his position. As it seemed likely that the Mullah had been reconnoitring in that direction, Colonel Swann sent Lieutenant-Colonel Plunkett with 170 mounted men and two companies of the King's African Rifles to Lasakante. They reached that place at dawn on March 10, and encountered a force of about a hundred of the enemy, whom they drove away, having killed fifteen and made sixteen prisoners.

On examination the water-supply was found to be less satisfactory than had been anticipated. Although it would have served small parties of the Mullah's scouts, it was insufficient for the needs of our column, and the wells were accordingly filled in. Lieutenant-Colonel Plunkett then returned to Bohotle. Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, writes from Obbia on Feb. 22 that he is going forward with Colonel

in one long ringlet over her right shoulder. The work, which is oval in shape, was executed on ivory, and the price it fetched was 600 guineas.

## THE PROPOSED SCOTTISH NAVAL CANAL.

The venerable proposal to deepen the Forth and Clyde Canal, so as to render it navigable by war-vessels and the larger merchant-ships, has again been mentioned in connection with the establishment of a naval base on St. Margaret's Hope, on the Firth of Forth. We are this week enabled to illustrate from sketches by our Special Artist in Scotland the strategic importance of such a work. In a bird's-eye view of the upper portion of the Clyde estuary we show the present outfall of the Forth and Clyde Canal. This great waterway, which has been in existence for nearly a century and a half, extends from Bowling, on the Clyde estuary, to Grangemouth, on that of the Forth, and would, if it were made available for the Navy, form a navigable link from thirty to forty miles in extent between St. Margaret's Hope and the west coast. Our view is taken from the estate of Auchintorlie, on the north bank of the Clyde about thirteen miles from Glasgow, and embraces six counties through which winds the Clyde, bearing the merchant-vessels of the world. In the distance can be seen the



ANOTHER MINIATURE BY PLIMER AT THE ROYAL AMATEUR ART EXHIBITION.

THE ROYAL AMATEUR ART EXHIBITION: A MINIATURE BY PLIMER.

Fasken, of the 2nd Sikhs, a tried soldier in command of tried men.

## ROYAL AMATEUR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of this society began on March 19 at Surrey House, Marble Arch (kindly granted by Lady Battersea), and continues till the 22nd. In the Loan Section, which this year consists of miniatures ancient and modern, there is a wonderful collection of the works of Andrew and Nathaniel Plimer. When young men, the Plimers ran away from their home in Shropshire and tramped to London, where Nathaniel entered the service of Bone, the enamellist, while Andrew became the personal servant of Cosway, then in the height of his fame. Cosway discovered his servant's talent, and had him educated, after which he took him back as his assistant. To the exhibition a large number of distinguished amateurs contribute.

## A REPUTED RAPHAEL.

In the Church of San Miguel, in Seville, there has just been discovered a panel which is believed with some certainty to be the work of Raphael. It measures about 18 in. in diameter, and represents the Infant Saviour asleep, with the Virgin leaning over Him, while at her left hand is the child John.

## A VALUABLE COSWAY.

Messrs. Christie, at a recent sale of old English and French miniature portraits, disposed of a very fine example of the work of Richard Cosway, R.A. It is the portrait of a lady with curling powdered hair falling

city of Glasgow, which is at present practically unprotected, although fortifications are in progress. There is no need to emphasise the importance of easy naval communication with the east-coast. Prominent in the picture is the western outlet of the Forth and Clyde Canal, which it is proposed to deepen.

## THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

The political situation in the Balkans exhibits further complications. The Servians, finding that their position has been weakened by Monsignor Ferillan's appointment as Metropolitan of Uskub, are anxious to reunite with the Greeks and Roumanians to oppose Bulgarian aggressions. The Metropolitan was appointed through the influence of the Czar, and the Servians have discovered that Bulgaria is being favoured by Russia at their expense, and naturally enough the Turk looks with a friendly eye upon such a rapprochement as that proposed. With the Greeks, Servians, and Roumanians united against Bulgaria (and, in effect, united against Russia), the Sultan would find a useful instrument ready to his hand. He is accordingly treating the Greeks with greater consideration than he has done since the war in Thessaly. A band of villagers from Dombeni has arrived at Monastir complaining of pillage and outrage committed by the gendarmerie. On March 9 a fight lasting for six hours took place in the Casa of Malesh between fifty Bulgarians and the Turkish troops. Thirteen Bulgarians were killed, and several wounded. The Turkish authorities are said to be anxious to keep their frontier forces well in hand, and accordingly, a regiment of Redifs, accused of disorderly conduct, has been withdrawn, and a body of Nizams appointed to their place. This week we illustrate incidents of the oppressive conduct of the Bulgarians in Macedonia, the commandeering of horses for guerilla warfare, and some scenes typical of the irregular life of the frontier.

## BOAT-RACE PRACTICE.

The Oxford crew made their first appearance at Putney on March 16. Under the eye of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, who has succeeded Mr. C. K. Phillips as coach, the crew paddled to Hurlingham, and reached the mile post after a couple of mild spurts. They drifted to Walden's, and then rowed to Chiswick Church in eight minutes twenty-one seconds, at an average stroke of thirty-two per minute. The practice finished with an easy paddle home from Barnes Bridge. At Henley, on the same day, the Cambridge men again tried their long boat, and later the short one, which, it is understood, will not be used in the race. They came to Putney on March 18.



A COSWAY MINIATURE BOUGHT FOR 600 GUINEAS BY MESSRS. DUVEEN.

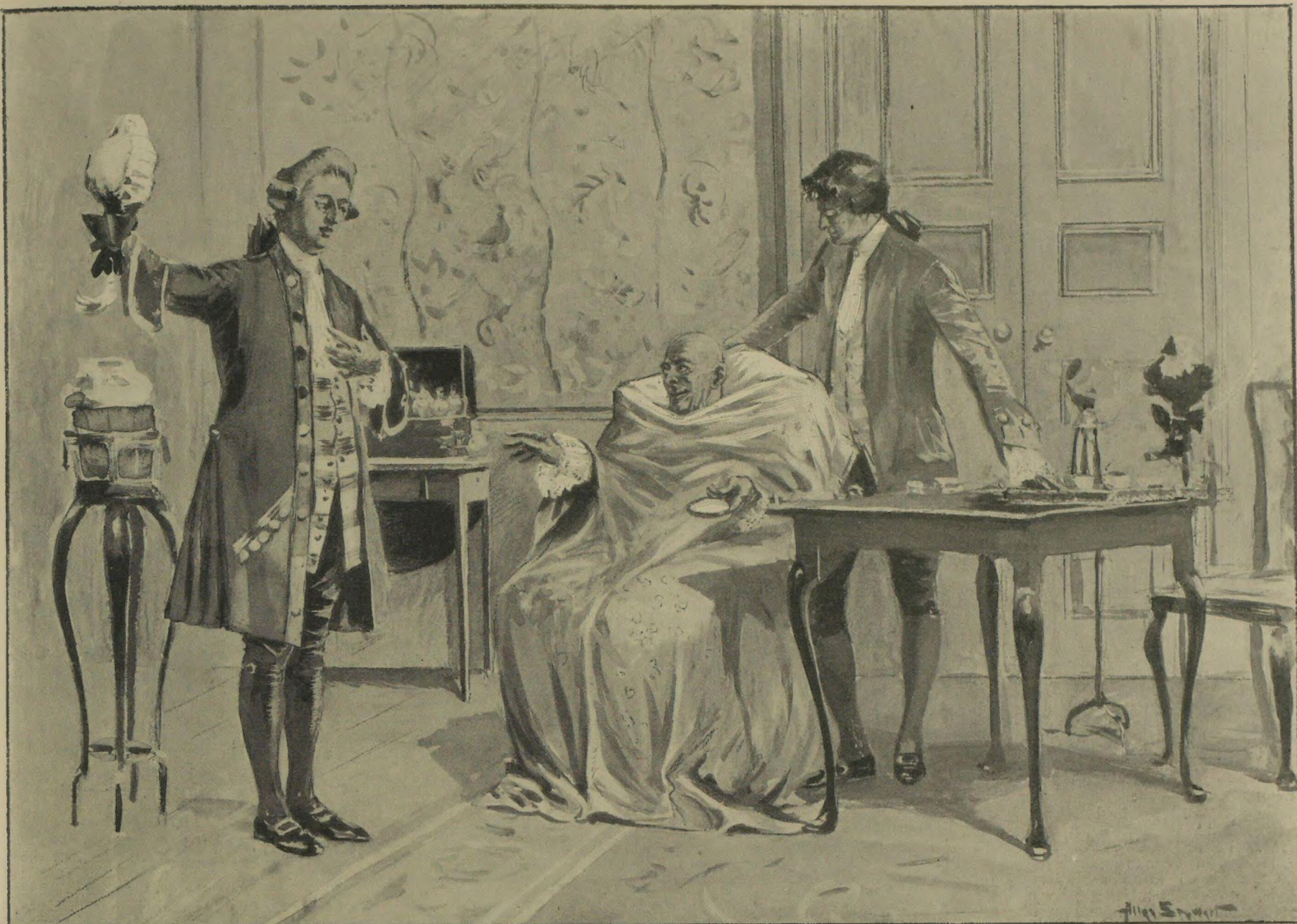


## NEW POSTAGE-STAMP ISSUES AND SURCHARGES.

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| 1. The French Somali Coast 5 Centimes.                    | 2. The French Somali Coast 20 Centimes.                                | 3. The French Somali Coast 1 Centime.                     |
| 4. The 8-Cent King's Head Hong-Kong.                      | 5. The French Somali Coast 1 Franc.                                    | 6. The 12-Cent King's Head Hong-Kong.                     |
| 7. The 1-Dollar Paraguay, Reduced by Surcharge to 1 Cent. | 8. The Cretan French Post-Office Stamp, Surcharged with Turkish Value. | 9. The 60-Cent Paraguay, Reduced by Surcharge to 5 Cents. |

These specimens are supplied by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co.





Canton (Mr. Eric Lewis).

Lord Ogleby (Mr. Cyril Maude).

Brush (Mr. A. Matthews).

THE REVIVAL OF COLMAN AND GARRICK'S PLAY, "THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE," AT THE HAYMARKET, MARCH 17: SCENE FROM ACT I, SCENE II.  
DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.—(SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES.")



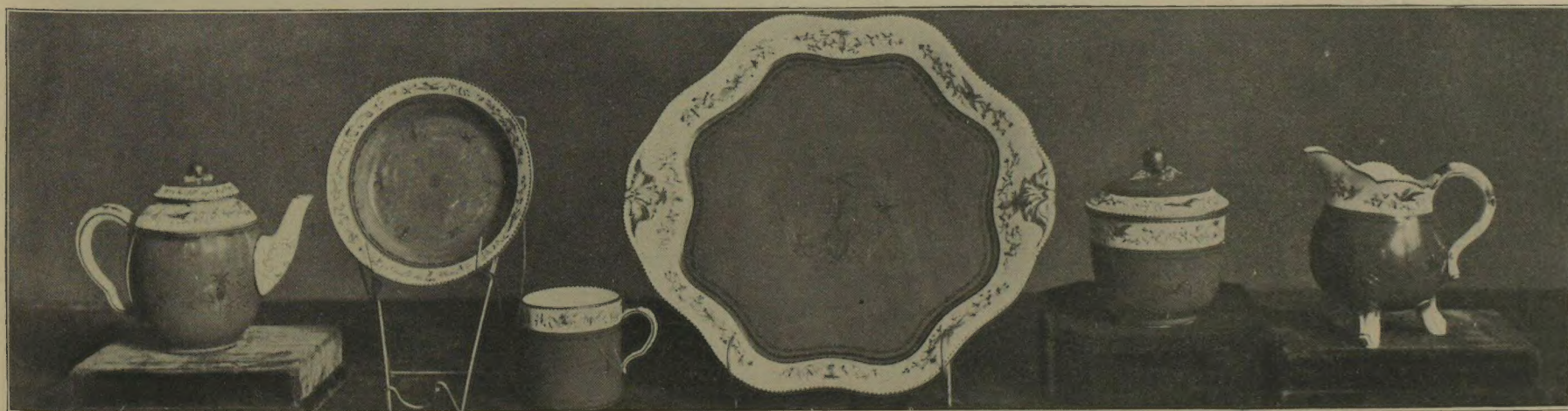
INDIVIDUAL EXAMPLES OF THE COINS.



THE HEAP OF 3800 BRONZE COINS.

THE DISCOVERY OF ROMAN COINS AT CROYDON, MARCH 10.

While some workmen employed by the Corporation were excavating a trench for a water-main in Whitgift Street, two urns were found containing about 3800 Roman coins in bronze. Most of them belonged to the period of Constantine, the dates ranging from 300 to 375 A.D. The coins are wonderfully well preserved. (Our photographs are by A. E. Walshead.)



CANARY-YELLOW SÈVRES CHINA CABARET SOLD FOR 2000 GUINEAS.

This exquisite set, painted by Lève père in 1786, consists of a plateau, teapot and cover, sugar-basin and cover, milk-jug, cup and saucer. It was exhibited at the South Kensington Loan Exhibition of 1862. The set was put up to auction by Messrs. Christie on March 13, and was purchased by Messrs. Duveen, 21, Old Bond Street, for the sum named above.

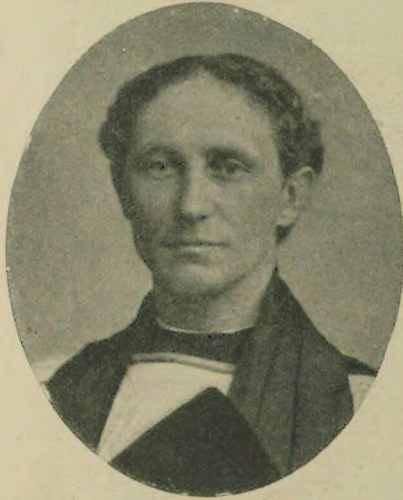


## PERSONAL.

The Kaiser is turning his reforming genius to the German language. He has ordered official reports to be written in a simpler style, free from compound adjectives; and he even objects to the syntax which keeps the verb to the end of a sentence. Whether the German tongue will change at this bidding remains to be seen; but the dearest hopes of many an English boy and girl are with the Kaiser.

Grave statements are made in the French papers as to desertions from the German army. Over a thousand deserters from the Sixteenth Army Corps at Metz crossed the frontier last year and took service in the French forces. Nearly half of them were natives of Alsace and Lorraine. They complain of ill-treatment and insufficient food. There are desertions from the French to the German side, but these are said to be very few, not half-a-dozen in a year.

The Mastership of Pembroke College, Cambridge, rendered vacant by the death of Sir George Stokes,



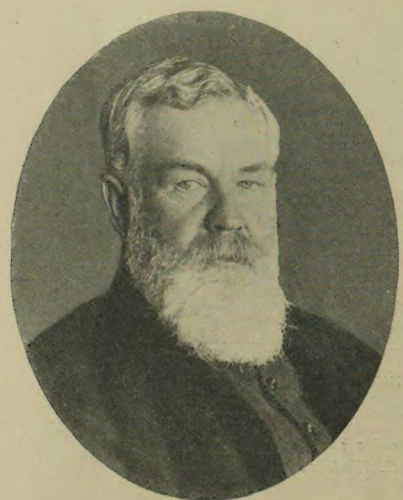
Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. A. J. MASON, D.D.,  
New Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

was filled by the election of the Rev. Arthur James Mason, D.D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, Fellow of Jesus College, and Canon of Canterbury. The newly appointed Master was educated at Repton School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1868. Elected a Scholar, he graduated eighth in the First Class of the Classical Tripos of 1872, though in the competition for the Chancellor's Classical Medal he was only successful in winning a "highly commended." In 1873 he became a Fellow of Trinity College, and in the following year Hulsean Prizeman and Assistant Tutor. The latter position he resigned in 1877 in order to take up the duties of Canon of Truro and Examining Chaplain to Bishop Benson. From 1884 till 1895 he was Vicar of All Hallows, Barking; and from 1893 till 1896 Chaplain to Archbishop Benson. Dr. Mason has also been Select Preacher both at Oxford and Cambridge, Hulsean Lecturer, and, until his appointment as Canon in 1895, one of the six preachers at Canterbury Cathedral. He married Mary, daughter of Dr. Blore, Honorary Canon of Canterbury, in 1899.

Lord Curzon is said to have expressed a desire to lengthen his term of office in India in order to superintend certain reforms. The rumour that he would be succeeded by Mr. Brodrick is now discredited.

Mr. William Sproston Caine, who died on March 17, had been Member of Parliament for the North-West or Camborne Division of Cornwall since 1900, and had formerly sat in the House for Scarborough, Barrow-in-Furness, and Bradford. He unsuccessfully contested Liverpool in the Liberal interest in 1873 and 1874, Tottenham in 1885, Barrow in 1889, and Bradford in 1895. Born at Seacombe, Cheshire, on March 26, 1842, the son of Nathaniel Caine, he was educated at Birkenhead Park School. He



Photo, Russell.

THE LATE MR. W. S. CAINE,  
M.P. and Temperance Reformer.

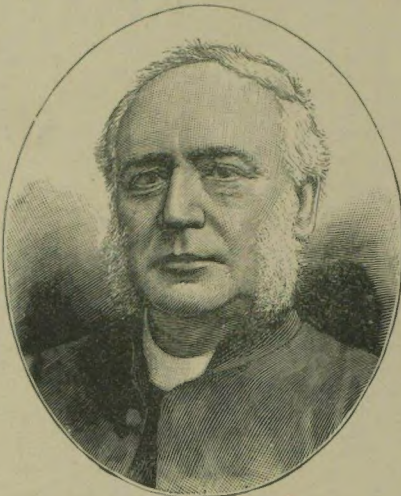
was a member of the Royal Commission on the License Laws and Indian Finance; minister of Wheatsheaf Hall Mission Church, South London; honorary secretary of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association; president of the British Temperance League and of the National Temperance Federation; vice-president of the United Kingdom Alliance; and, in 1884, Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Caine married Alice, daughter of the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown.

A Japanese writer has been advising his countrymen to imitate the English in all things. He believes that society in England is fundamentally sound, and pooh-poohs our moralists who tell us we are lapsing into the corruption of the Roman Empire.

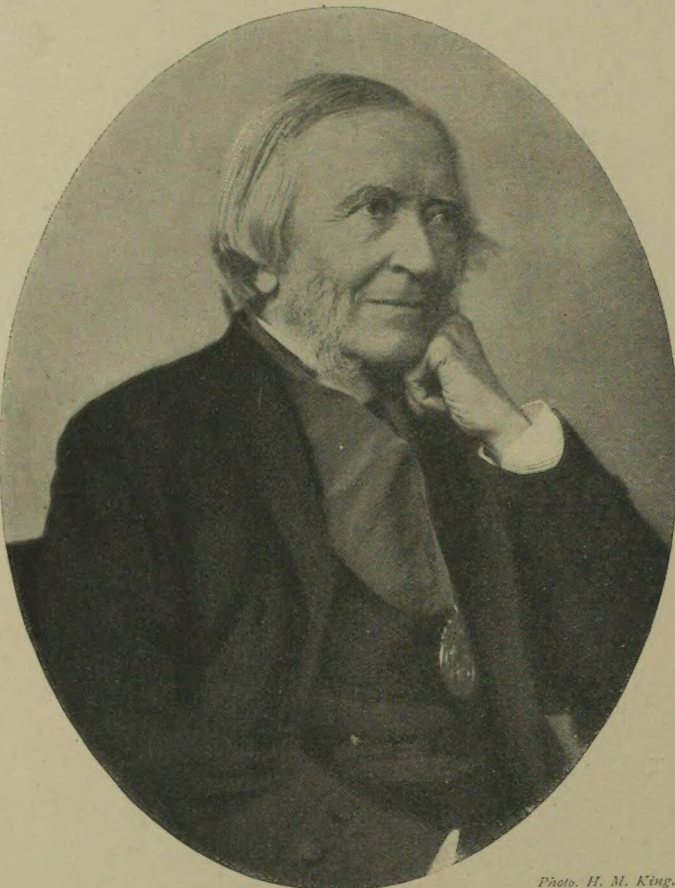
An official statement about the condition of the German colonies in South-West Africa discloses uneasiness as to Boer immigration. Germans are particularly warned against marrying Boer women, who are said to have very unprogressive ideas of domestic economy. The Boer was a fine fellow when he was fighting the British, but German officials do not like him so well as a fellow-colonist.

The Rev. Dr. Walford Green, who died on March 12, in his seventy-first year, entered the Wesleyan ministry

in 1858, and, after some twenty-seven years of circuit work, chiefly in Manchester, Bradford, and London, was chosen a member of the Legal Hundred and an officer of Connexional Funds. He was an ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, and for the past fifteen years Chairman of the Third London District. His work as Treasurer of the Aged Ministers' and Ministers' Widows' Fund, for which he raised the sum of £25,000, and his efforts on behalf of the Ministers' Children's Fund, which he helped to place upon a sound financial basis, are particularly worthy of note, and no doubt contributed to his election as President of the Conference in 1894. He was an ardent supporter as well as one of the treasurers of the London Wesleyan Mission, and did much to encourage the work of his church in Sussex. Dr.



Photo, Russell.

THE LATE REV. DR. WALFORD GREEN,  
Chairman of the Third London District, Wesleyan  
Methodist Church.

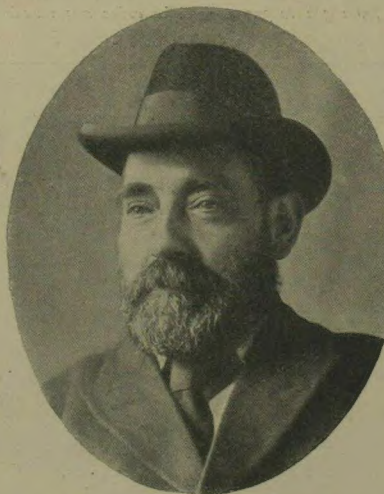
Photo, H. M. King.

THE LATE DR. G. G. BRADLEY,  
FORMERLY DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.  
(See Page 421.)

Green married the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Davis, a wealthy ironmaster, and his son has been Member of Parliament for Wednesbury since 1895.

Mr. Whitaker Wright, who has been arrested in New York, was cleverly traced by means of a bank-note which he used to pay the passages on a French steamer for himself and his niece.

Mr. Will Crooks, whose return as Member of Parliament for Woolwich at the bye-election necessitated by the retirement of Lord Charles Beresford caused so much stir in political circles, is an excellent type of the representatives of the Labour party. Born in Poplar in 1852, the son of Mr. George Crooks, he was first educated at the George Green School, but an accident which rendered his father incapable of work made it necessary for him to complete his studies at a Poor Law school, an occurrence which doubtless explains the interest he has always shown in the position of workhouse inmates and the training of pauper children. Mr. Crooks was apprenticed to a



Photo, R. J. W. Haines.

MR. W. CROOKS,  
New M.P. for Woolwich.

cooper, and followed his trade until his election to the London County Council, since when he has been financed by his fellow-workmen. One of the leaders in the great dock strike, he first entered official municipal life as a trustee and library commissioner for Poplar, and has since been a Borough Councillor, a member of the Technical Education Board, chairman of the Poplar Assessment Committee, and Mayor of Poplar—the first Labour Mayor elected in the country. He is now chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians and a Government representative on the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

The Bishop of London has been telling a good story against himself. He was preaching lately, and a little girl in the congregation said to her mother, "Mummy, I'm so tired. Won't the Bishop go back to heaven now?" Her idea that at the end of the sermon the Bishop would be translated in a fiery chariot was a compliment in its way.

The Rev. William Mordaunt Furneaux, appointed Dean of Winchester in succession to the late Very

Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, was born on July 29, 1848, the eldest son of the Rev. W. D. Furneaux, of Swilly, Devon, and was educated at Marlborough, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He took a First Class in Classical Moderations in 1870,

was ordained deacon in 1874, and priest in the year following. Appointed Assistant Master at Clifton College in 1873,

he accepted a similar post in his old school in 1874, holding it for eight years. In 1883 he was chosen Head Master of Repton School, resigning in 1900, when he became Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Southwell. In 1891 he was made honorary Canon of Southwell Cathedral, and in 1901 he served as Examining Chaplain to the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then, of course, Bishop of Winchester. He was Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1892. He married Caroline Octavia, daughter of Mr. Joseph Mortimer, of Weymouth, in 1877. At Marlborough Furneaux came under Dr. Bradley. Bradley had a special gift for teaching the classics, though he never made the mistake of ignoring modern languages. This tradition of scholarship was carried on by Dr. Furneaux, whose edition of Tacitus is itself a classic.

Lord Alverstone has been appointed to represent Great Britain in the Alaska Boundary Commission, together with two Canadian judges.

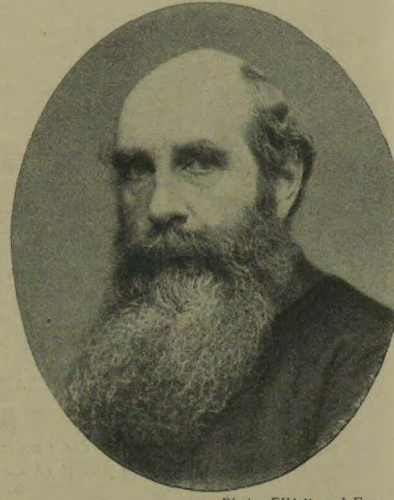
The Rev. Dr. James Allan Smith, whose appointment to the Deanery of St. David's has been approved, has already had considerable experience of the diocese, having been connected with it since 1897, when he became Chancellor and Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral and chaplain to Dr. Owen. Born at Pyecombe, in Sussex, on Aug. 2, 1846, the son of the late Rev. James Allan Smith, rector of the parish, Dr. Smith, who was educated privately and at Wadham College, Oxford, was ordained in 1864, and licensed to the curacy of Holy Trinity, Marylebone. Two years later he was nominated Lecturer of Boston, Lincolnshire, and after retaining this position until 1870 he became Vicar of Holy Trinity, Nottingham. From 1875 till 1897 he was Prebendary of Sanctæ Crucis in Lincoln Cathedral, and from 1884 till 1892 Vicar of Swansea and Rural Dean of Gower; in 1902 he became Vicar of Hay, in Breconshire. Dr. Smith has been twice married; in 1865 to Charlotte Isabella, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Sinton, and in 1902 to Annie, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Hawksley, surgeon.

The German Press, which used to flout Mr. Chamberlain, is most respectful to him now. His return from South Africa is the theme of flattering articles, and it is even suggested that he is another Bismarck.

The world is not greatly impressed by the Czar's manifesto. Prince Krapotkin says it bears the sign-manual of the Holy Synod. M. Jaurès suggests that the Czar should co-operate with the Russian people instead of timidly proposing half-measures which mean nothing.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. W. M. FURNEAUX,  
New Dean of Winchester.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. DR. J. A. SMITH,  
New Dean of St. David's.



THE AMERICA CUP: THE LAUNCH OF "SHAMROCK III." AT DUMBARTON, MARCH 17.

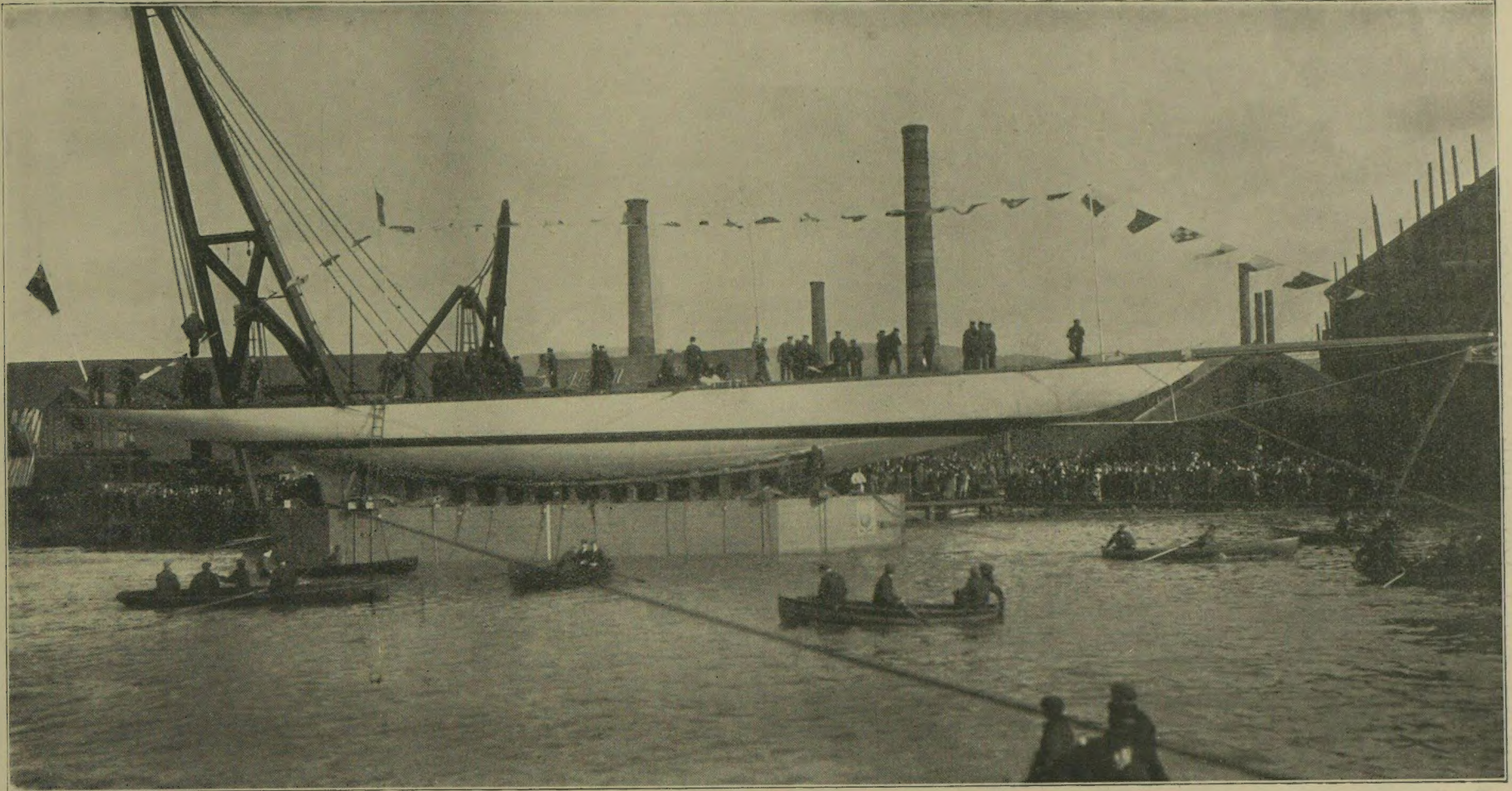


Photo. Blair.

"SHAMROCK III." AFTER THE LAUNCH.

*The yacht glided smoothly down the ways to the accompaniment of hearty cheering, while the band of the Dumbarton Volunteers played "The Dear Little Shamrock." Owing to the extreme sharpness of her build, she was, of course, supported by pontoons for launching. Mr. Fife is the designer. About an hour after the launch the yacht was towed to the James Watt dock at Greenock, where she will be fitted out. The work is expected to be completed within the next ten days.*

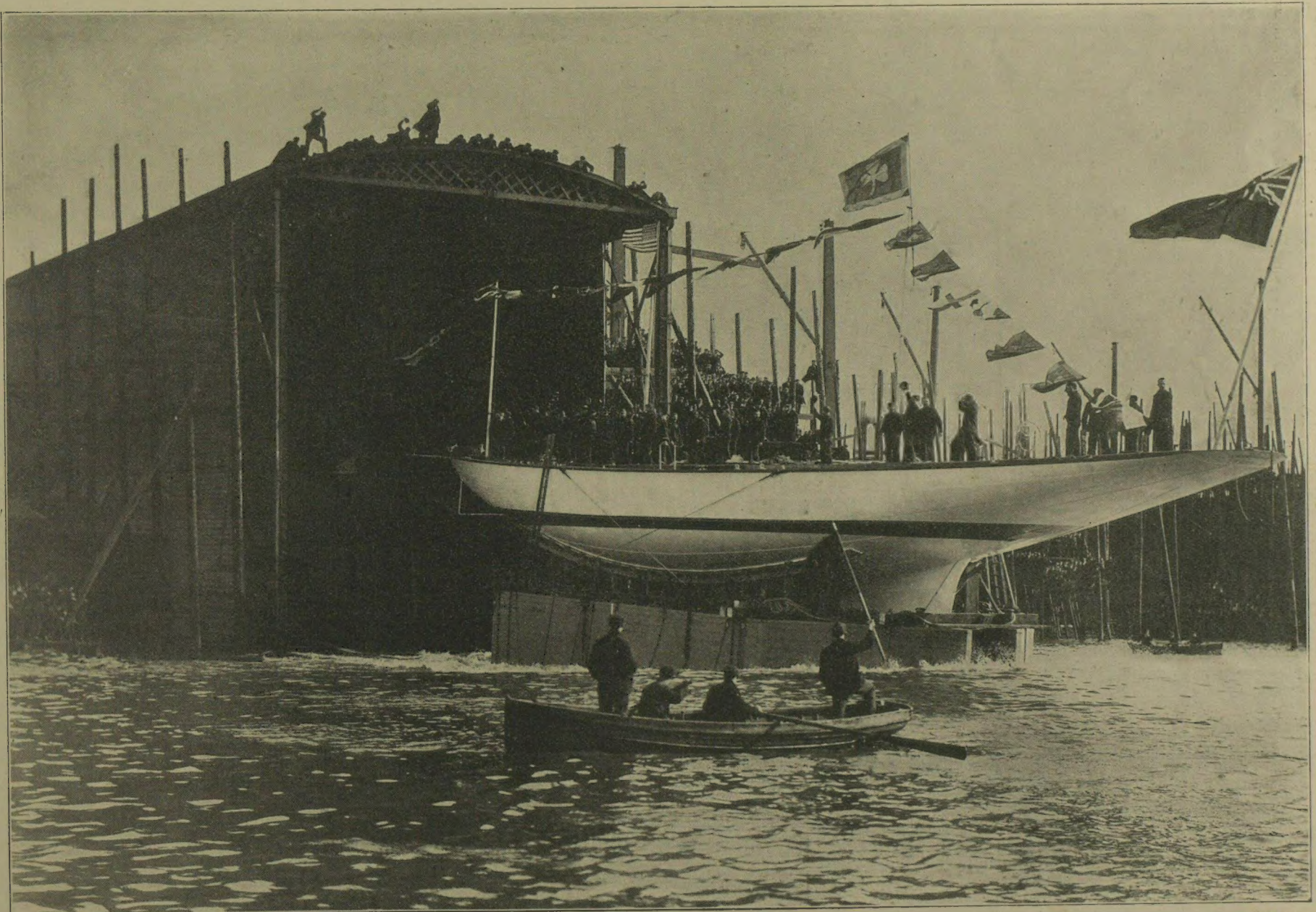


Photo. Agnew.

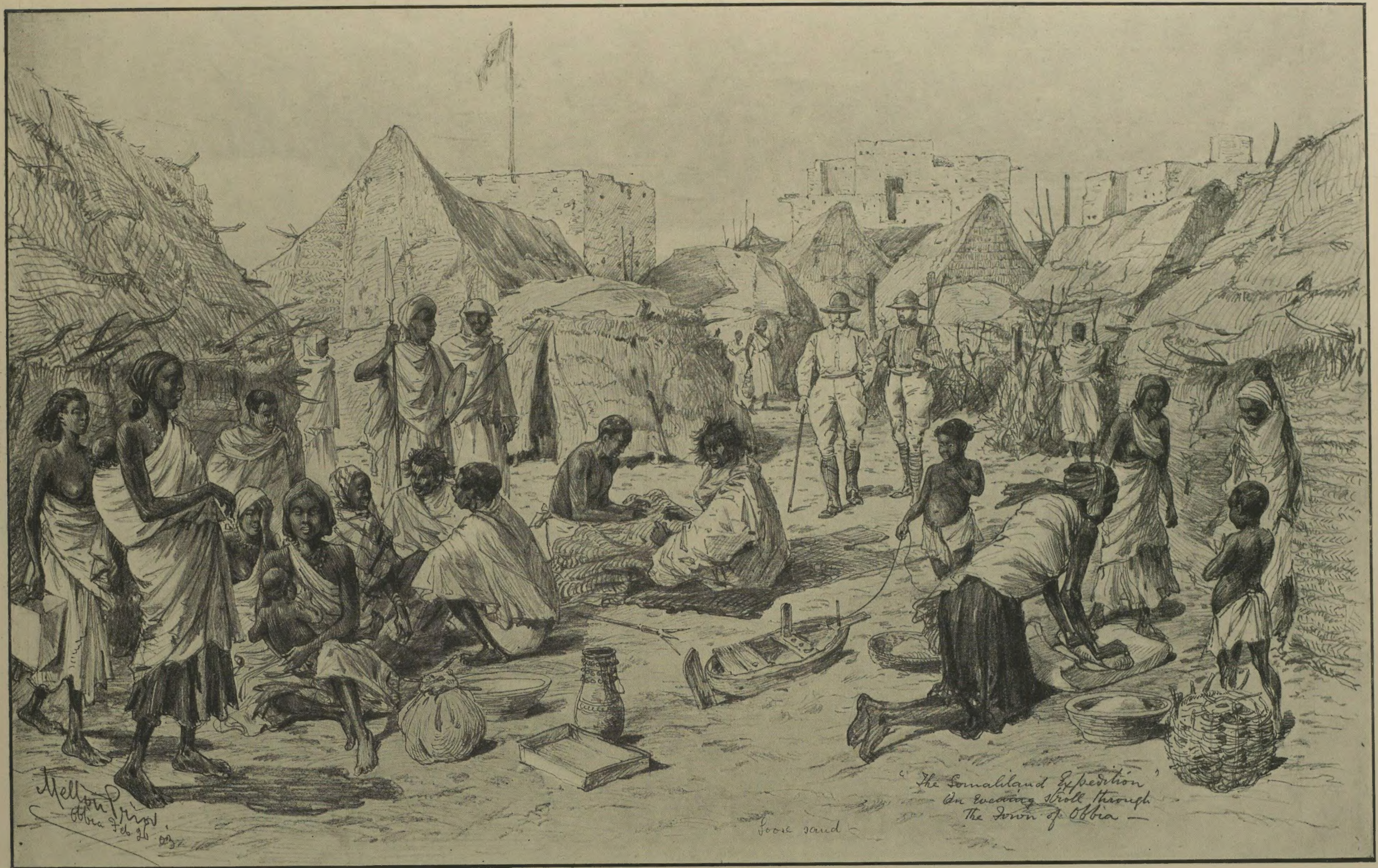
"SHAMROCK III." TAKING THE WATER.

*The yacht with which Sir Thomas Lipton is to make his third trial to win the America Cup has been built by Messrs. Denny, of Dumbarton. She is of fuller section than her predecessor, and has a foot more beam, but rather less draught. The easy sweep of the fore and aft line gives a long, powerful sailing side when the boat lists in any weight of wind. The stern-post has an acute rake, and the tiller will, on the American system, disappear in favour of the wheel. The Countess of Shaftesbury named the vessel, saying: "I christen you 'Shamrock III.' May God bless you, and may you win the Cup."*



# THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN SOMALILAND: OBBIA, THE BASE OF OPERATIONS ON THE EAST COAST.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



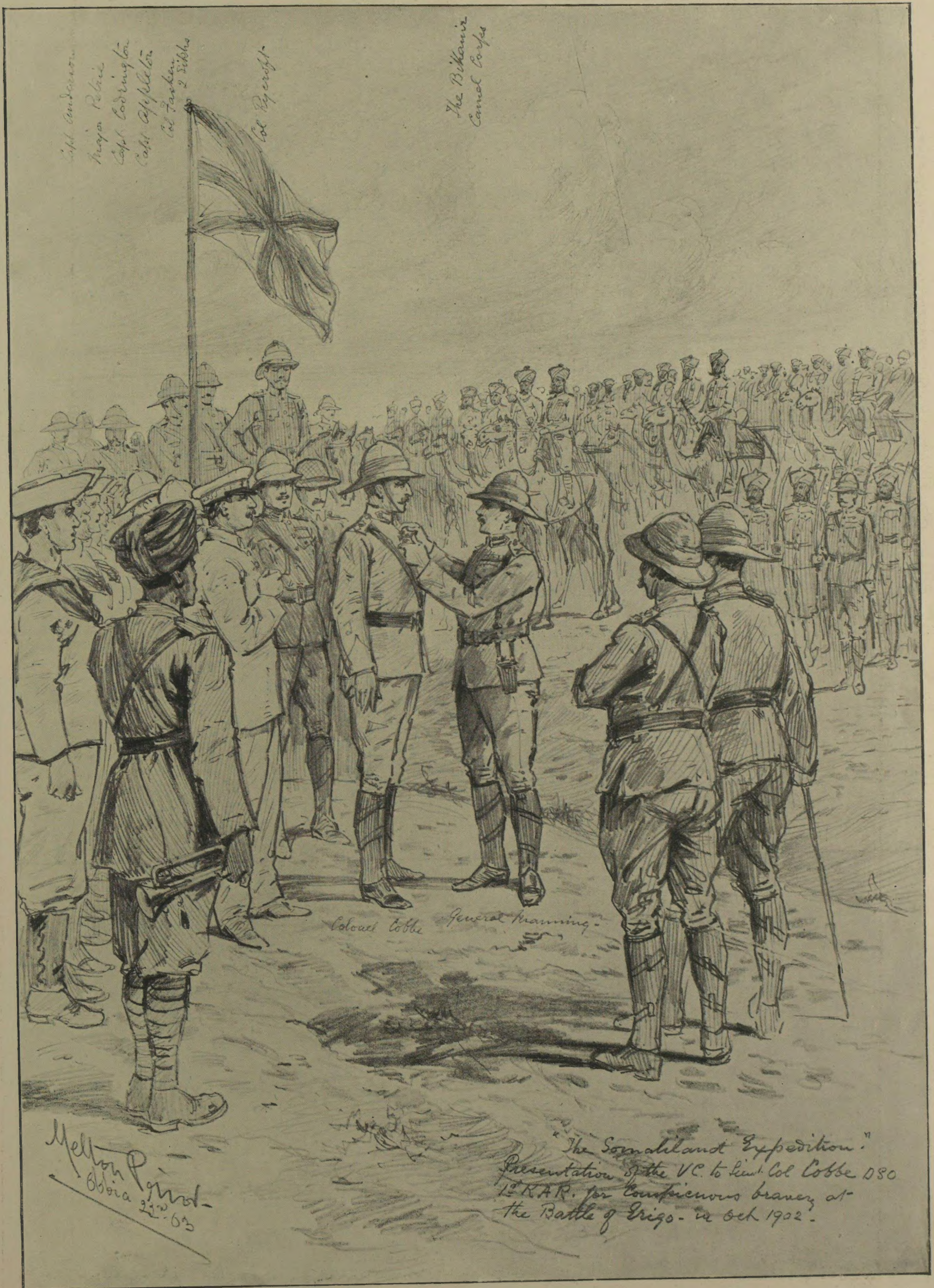
AN EVENING STROLL THROUGH THE TOWN OF OBBIA.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "The so-called town of Obbia is composed of huts covered with matting and skins, erected anyhow and at any angle. The people seem to spend most of their time in the streets, if such they may be called, lounging and chatting. I have passed through the place several times, hence this sketch. I was specially amused by the little boy with the rude model of a dhow, which he was pulling through the loose sand with a string."



# THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO SOMALILAND: PRELIMINARIES TO THE ADVANCE.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE VICTORIA CROSS TO COLONEL COBBE, D.S.O., FOR CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY AT THE BATTLE OF ERIGO.

Colonel Cobbe received the V.C. for his distinguished conduct at the Battle of Erigo, the first engagement of the present Somaliland Campaign, fought in October last. Mr. Melton Prior's sketch was made at Obbia on February 22.



# THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO SOMALILAND: PRELIMINARIES TO THE ADVANCE.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



AMBULANCE PREPARATIONS AT OBBIA: BOMBAY SAPPERS AND MINERS MAKING KAJAWAHS (CAMEL-LITTERS) FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WRITES: "The Bombay sappers are the friends of everyone in the camp, for they are so ready at all mechanical contrivances. The Indian and Egyptian cacolets—such as the sappers are making in the sketch—have stood the most severe trials in Frontier wars."



BOER AND BRITON UNITED IN THE FIELD: MR. BENNET BURLEIGH PLAYING DRAUGHTS WITH A BOER COMMANDANT AT OBBIA.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "Yesterday, in company with Mr. Bennet Burleigh, of the 'Daily Telegraph,' I walked over to the Boer camp, where I found the British soldier hail-fellow-well-met with his former opponent. A draught-board made of waterproof sheeting was lying on the ground, and Burleigh challenged a Boer Commandant to a game. The tussle ended in a draw."





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

SHE was a wonderfully pretty girl, with frank, wide eyes and the figure of a Hebe; one of those glorious Americans who seem to bring with them to Europe a breath of their own freer air, and who shame, with their freshness, spirit, and beauty, the duller faces of an older world. Leslie Van Zant was twenty-four, and had been in Paris two years studying sculpture in the studio of Hubert Falque. She was an only child, and had controlled with an iron hand the destinies of that elderly couple, her parents, ever since she had been old enough to speak. When she announced her intention to go abroad they had never thought to check her purpose. Her mother tried only to keep back her tears; and her father, who was a wealthy man, asked her respectfully whether three hundred dollars a month would be a sufficient allowance.

In some ways, this allowance of Leslie's proved an unexpected burden. She hid it from her comrades as she might a family scandal, conscious that it would interpose a barrier between herself and her more struggling sisters. A rich art student! The thought was intolerable. It would make her an outsider at once, and keep her one. Leslie used to sneak off to Paquin's with some cheap stuff, bought in the Latin Quarter, and have it made up by the best *couturière* in Paris; and she was not above saying it was her own work, too, and taking credit for a dress that perhaps cost her five or six hundred francs. In the same way, she had the effrontery to wear hats that similarly shrank in value, and was an adept in making new shoes look slightly shabby. Had she devoted half as much attention to art as she did to this make-believe she would have done better in the studios.

But, though she worked hard and genuinely believed herself in earnest, it was not really art that had brought her to Paris, nor was it the divine call that kept her there. What she loved was the life, the disregard of all appearances, the exaggerated Bohemianism that foreigners bring to Paris but seldom find there. As modest and sweet a girl as ever lived, she took a strange pleasure in doing things that got her talked about; in audacities that took her comrades by storm; in a wild and outspoken defiance of accepted canons and proprieties. In her simplicity (for with all her knowledge of the world she was simple) she was following out her ideal, transfiguring the squalor, the tinsel, the fictitious gaiety, the coarse, brutal, unashamed vice of the Quarter into the sort of fairyland she had dreamed it to be in the Western town where she had been born.

With the spring of her third year in Paris she felt a sudden longing for the country. A holiday alone was not enough. She wanted an entire summer among trees and flowers and running water; she wanted to work as well as to play; to try at last something of her own; to show *le maître* that she was getting beyond his leading-strings. She had in mind a group of two figures that would astonish *le maître*; it was as clear in her head as though it were already accomplished—bold, simple, masterly, with strong peasant figures and a sense of the out-of-doors. Perhaps, indeed, it might astonish others beside *le maître*! So she packed up, notified the *concierge* of her new address, and took the train to Morny, where there were already a number of her friends established for the summer.

Leslie found an old stable that could very easily be converted into a studio; indeed, it had been originally built for the very purpose by Lehr, the sculptor, before he had grown famous and had shaken the dust of Morny from his aspiring feet. Leslie turned out the hay and fodder, engaged a boy to wash the floor, and forthwith installed herself, together with some old armour, some tapestries, an afternoon tea-service, an American flag, and three tons of wet clay. Here she spent her mornings transforming a stocky young farmhand and his

strapping wife into what was destined for the perpetuity of bronze. Far from the sardonic eyes of Hubert Falque, Leslie felt herself free at last to show the result of two years' hard work in the atelier, and found a rebellious joy in her newly acquired independence. She was thoroughly determined, besides, not only to convince others, but to convince herself of the talent whose hidden flame burned so fiercely within her breast.

This group, done in heroic size, was to be a sort of vindication of her chosen career; it was to be a bridge, carrying her across the gulf that divides the student from the finished artist. She brought tremendous enthusiasm to her work, and the sweet country air blown through her open windows gave her daily a fresh zest and a renewed courage as she laboured morning after morning. Her afternoons she gave over to holiday-making and idleness, in walks and rambles and long hours on the river; and her evenings to the animated talks that followed dinner, when the whole company of the inn, after a day more or less solitary, gathered comfortably together about the long table. They were nearly all English and Americans, for Morny had no vogue among the French, and with but one exception were students or artists like herself. The men for the most part fell straightway in love with her, and she, coquette that she was, had no hesitation in carrying on several flirtations at once. Indeed, that summer was long remembered as the most disturbed and quarrelsome ever known at Morny, and anyone who would have cared to *chercher la femme* would have had little trouble in discovering Leslie Van Zant. In fact, with her beauty, her recklessness, her gay and laughing acceptance of everyone's devotion, she set all the men by the ears and drove the other women to frenzy.

The only outsider in this happy family of the arts was de Broussard, the French engineer. He was a very quiet, gentlemanly man of about forty, rather tall and fine-looking, who was overseeing the construction of the new aqueduct at Montcour, a little village about a mile and a half distant from Morny. He had the charming manners of a well-bred Frenchman, and the four years he had spent in American workshops had not only given him a ready knowledge of English, but a sort of American alertness that attracted Leslie's attention from the first. Of course, among the artists he was voted a Philistine, and as he made no attempt to cultivate them, nor they him, he sat at their table a comparative stranger.

Leslie had been a month in Morny before she even spoke to him, though she had grown to like his face, with its look of power and intelligence, long before a chance stroll of hers brought about their acquaintance. She was in the habit of rising at six and taking a brisk walk before her eight o'clock breakfast; and on one of these occasions she happened to find herself near Montcour, where de Broussard's aqueduct was in progress. Her American blood responded at a sight so stirring; at the steam-digger, hissing and thumping with ponderous ferocity, the rushing tramways heaped with debris, the unending file of country carts, the mountains of iron and material, the hundreds of busy men, the mast-high pillars of steel, clanging with hammers and dizzily supporting long-armed derricks, the whole ordered and disciplined animation of an important engineering enterprise. She was impressed to see de Broussard, whom she remembered as so inconspicuous a figure at the inn table, moving here and there in the confusion, calm, masterful, and smiling as he gave orders and received reports, his watchful eyes allowing nothing to escape him as he made his rounds. She trembled when he jumped on a rising spar of steel bound with rusty chain, and nonchalantly signalled with his hand to the donkeyman above; and she held her breath as he mounted in the air, until finally, a mere dwarf against the azure, he stepped out on the crazy scaffolding at the top.

When he came down again, this time with his feet in a giant iron hook, Leslie was there to meet him and wish him "Good-morning." He bowed, talked a

little about the weather and his work, and learning that she was going back to Morny for breakfast, begged permission to accompany her. This was the beginning of a strange friendship between the pair and the first of their homeward walks together. Every morning after that Leslie made her way to the aqueduct and hung about until the engineer was ready to return with her. De Broussard made no attempt to see her at any other time, and even in his conversation was careful to keep on general and impersonal topics. He let it be understood, though she was at a loss to know exactly how, that he was to be regarded as a mere acquaintance.

Accustomed as she was to winning the outspoken devotion of men, Leslie was piqued by his apparent indifference. It seemed a kind of slight to her beauty and attractiveness that the engineer was so content to leave matters as they began and make no use of those dewy mornings to push his suit. She was unaccustomed to men who had no suits to push, and who could throw away such exceptional opportunities as she offered him daily. She would sometimes look at her charming face in the glass and wonder what he failed to find there. "There must be another woman," she would say to herself.

She found it very hard to draw him out about himself, but little by little she extorted something of his history. He had been born to money and position. At twenty-eight the death of a certain person (he let it be inferred that the person was a woman) had made him look at the world with fresh eyes. His own sorrow, he said, had revealed to him the sorrows of others. He perceived that the social fabric was out of gear, that it was founded on suffering and misery, that much of it, that most of it, was remediable. He determined to do something himself, to attempt to stem the universal callousness and selfishness, to denounce, as best he might, the triumphant materialism of the age. He talked and wrote and lectured, and was called a madman for his pains. He went among the poor, to raise once more if possible the standard of idealism in France; to preach a new religion on the ashes of the old; to tell of that new life, so real to himself, which it was within the power of the humblest to lead. One day, declaiming to a crowd of gaping factory operatives, a derisive old man had taken him to task. "Who are you to lecture us?" he shouted. "Who are you to teach us how to live; to call us names; to tell us to be content on three francs a day—you whose clothes were bought with dead men's money; you who would starve to death if you were turned out of your dead man's house to-morrow?"

"I perceived all at once," said de Broussard, "that to reform others one must first reform one's self; not by words alone, but by the sterner measure of acts. I shook the old fellow's hand; I told him, before them all, that he was right; I apologised for my presumption. 'Yes,' I said, 'a man must earn the right to live before he preaches. I will come back to you when I am worthy.'"

He was twenty-nine when he took up the study of engineering; he was thirty-two when he went to America for four years' practical work. He was now forty-one, and already a man of some mark in his profession. With increasing years he had grown humble, and realised that the reach of one man's arm is short indeed.

"Perhaps I serve my cause best by building good bridges," he said, "and leading an honest life before my men."

One morning Leslie brought him to her studio and took off the wet sheets that enveloped her group and kept the clay from cracking.

"I have seen your work," she said. "Now you must see mine."

De Broussard studied the figures with attention. He moved away so as to get fresh effects of light and shadow. He came close and narrowly examined



the modelling. All this without a word, while Leslie stood by and waited, with a singular breathlessness, for his unspoken verdict.

"It is charming," he said at last.

She made a little *move* of annoyance.

"Charming!" she protested. "Say it is good or bad; weak or strong—but—"

"You would not like me to be frank," he said.

"Are we not good enough friends for that?" she asked.

"After all, I am no judge," he said.

"You do not like it?" she asked.

He shook his head.

She went to the window and looked out.

"Tell me, what's bad in it," she said, turning.

He raised his hand appealingly.

"Perhaps you know nothing about art," she said.

"I know only one thing," he said, looking at her very earnestly: "in art there is no place for mediocrity. One must be a great artist or be nothing. One must feel the divine fire—or—"

"Sometimes I think I feel it," she said.

"I told you I was no judge," he repeated.

"At heart you despise the whole lot of us," she broke out. "You are a Philistine through and through. You can appreciate success, but you cannot understand the steps that lead to success. You call us mediocrities because we are still learning, because we are always tumbling to the ground like unfledged birds, because we must grope behind the masters before we can ever dare be ourselves."

"I am but a man of science," he returned. "I was taught to abhor waste. I think there's a use for every man and woman in the world; a better use, forgive me for saying it—than to paint bad pictures that nobody buys. The great artists! We are thankful for them. They are indeed the children of the gods. But the poor artists, those with merely talent and not overmuch of that, the great army of the undistinguished—ah! Mademoiselle, they are the drones in our hive; they are the shirkers of society, whom, if I had my way, I would relentlessly put to work with pick and shovel."

"The fact is, you want everybody to build aqueducts."

"Frankly," continued de Broussard, "is there not in your America a better place for you than here; a better vocation than that of modelling misshapen rustics out of clay; a higher duty than you are violating every day you remain in France? Oh! Miss Van Zant, go back to your parents whose only child you are; go back to your own country that never needed more than now its best and noblest citizens; keep your little art for a distraction, but do not let it blind you to things more important and more pre-emptory."

Leslie began to drape the figures again with the sheets.

"Don't say another word," she said; "or, Monsieur de Broussard, I shall hate you."

After this, in their morning walks together, the subject of art was tacitly dropped. Leslie gave a good deal of thought, however, to what the engineer had said; and though rejecting the personal application, she could not fail to see its justice in respect to many of her comrades. It did seem better to return at night with a colossal undertaking carried one step further toward completion than to bear, under one's arm, a sticky sketch of undeniable demerit. Without being aware of it herself, she began to undergo a curious revulsion of mind. At night as they all sat about the table d'hôte she would find herself contrasting de Broussard's face—the face of a man accustomed to power, to decision, to an ennobling responsibility—with the mild, more or less weak, altogether unauthoritative countenances of her fellow-artists. The man of action appealed to the American in her; she felt an irresistible affinity with the doer, and with it a growing contempt for the mere dreamer; and the engineer, in spite of his middle age, his greying temples, his big nose, became for her by degrees the most striking figure in the room. Griswold, with his almost Greek features; Stanton, with his fine eyes and curly hair; Shayne, the athlete—they all seemed to pale in the half-unconscious comparison she was now so constantly making.

One Sunday morning, as Leslie and de Broussard happened to be drinking their coffee together in the arbour, he asked her if she would care to go to church with him.

"Church!" she exclaimed.

"It's nothing very much," he said. "No incense, no stained-glass windows, no music. Nothing, Mademoiselle, but rows of white cots with little helpless children lying in them."

"A hospital!" she cried.

The engineer nodded.

"That is my church," he said.

"I don't know that one could find a better," said the girl, looking at him with curious intensity.

"Tenderness and compassion," said de Broussard; "those are the two great lessons."

"I should be glad to go," she said.

She fully expected the engineer would engage an open carriage for their little adventure, and was surprised, as she ran downstairs after making some trifling alteration in her toilette, to find him holding open the door of the lumbering omnibus that made daily trips between Morny and Fontainebleau. She concealed her disappointment, however, and squeezed in with him amid the peasant women and farmers that crowded the vehicle. It was a beautiful morning, and the road, after they reached the forest, afforded them on either side wonderful glimpses of woodland and rock which atoned in some measure for the discomfort of the omnibus. De Broussard, usually so reserved and silent, seemed quite a different man in that jovial company of peasants. He joked; he paid compliments; he had a mock altercation with the driver that convulsed everyone. It became increasingly plain to Leslie that the engineer, however unimportant at the painters' table, was a very great personage indeed in the countryside itself; and it

caused her a little pang to find she must needs divide her admiration for him with so many. He had never seemed so charming to her, never so gay, so engaging, so distinguished even, as in that crawling omnibus with all its homespun occupants hanging on his words. He "held them up" shamelessly for his sick children; he took eggs, butter, plums, and pennies indiscriminately from them all; he excelled in those little audacities that go to win the hearts of rude or common people, once even stopping the vehicle and calmly keeping everyone waiting while he gathered an armful of ferns.

When, at last, Leslie and he were dropped in the main street of Fontainebleau, there was an affecting farewell all round. The lady with the eggs went six better than she had promised; the driver brought up four sous from the reluctant depths of his trousers; the snuffy old gentleman in the stock and chocolate-coloured coat, who had obdurately held out to the very end, produced, amid acclamation, a dead rabbit from a bag.

"This is not for the church," explained the snuffy old gentleman, "but for yourself, Mister the Engineer, to give according to the dictates of your noble and well-doing heart."

Laden down with ferns, bracken, and contributions, de Broussard smilingly led Leslie into a *pâtisserie*, where he laid out ten francs of his own in cakes and candies. Then, calling a fiacre, they drove off together to the Hospital of the Franciscan Sisters.

Leslie had never been in a hospital before. She expected to see unpleasant sights; to be repelled and shocked at every turn; to have her nerves jangled and her heart tortured by scenes of suffering and pain. Instead, on the contrary, as she passed with de Broussard from bed to bed, down the long, white-walled, brilliantly sunny rooms, she was surprised to find most of the children happy and not particularly unlike the other little ones outside. There were some, of course, whose wan, wild, frightened faces brought the tears to her eyes; some, in splints or straps, or showing beneath the bedclothes the outlines of mysterious frameworks that caused her to catch her breath as she stood beside them. But, on the whole, deeply moved though she was, it was by a subtler emotion than the one she had counted on to feel. She was watching, not only the children, but her friend the engineer; and it was he, as much as the children, that evoked those singular sensations in her breast. The man's gentleness and kindness; his memory for the names of all these little people; the winning, gracious, tender manner he had for them all, stirred her with an inexpressible admiration.

"Monsieur," said a little fellow, "I have been waiting for you so long to ask about Ninette. They won't tell me if she's dead, Monsieur."

De Broussard looked up and caught the warning glance of the Sister.

"No," he said, with his eyes shining. "She grew well and I took her home to live with me."

"I am so content," said the little boy, looking reproachfully at the Sister.

"When was it?" asked de Broussard, as they passed into a corridor.

"Tuesday night, Monsieur."

"Did she suffer much?"

"No, Monsieur."

"I told you to send for me at the crisis."

"Ah, Monsieur, it was so sudden. She died holding the doll you gave her in her arms."

Outside the hospital gate they decided to walk through the forest and pick up a trap at Gaston's.

"Or possibly the omnibus on its return," said de Broussard.

Leslie laughed.

"Omnibus!" she exclaimed. "No thank you—no more omnibus!"

"It would accord better with *les convenances*," he said.

"I never consider those things," she returned.

"Possibly not enough," he said.

"Sometimes I can scarcely believe you are a Frenchman at all," she observed.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Well, for one thing, you are such a prig," she said cruelly.

"You think I neglect my opportunities, perhaps," he said.

"You are the only man I know that doesn't admire me," she said.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, "permit me to say you are mistaken."

"You say that for politeness," she said.

"No, no!" he protested.

"Don't you care for women?" she asked. "Don't you ever mean to marry?"

"It's a man's duty to marry," he returned.

"Duty!" she cried scornfully. "You are really intolerable with your duty, duty, duty!"

"At least, I am not rude," he said.

"You mean I am," she broke out. "Well, you deserve it; you want humanising; you need to be knocked off your pedestal and taught that you are only a poor mortal like the rest of us. Your salvation would be to fall desperately in love, and I only wish I might be there to clap my hands."

"Do you know, Mademoiselle," he said; "I am very much in love?"

"I should never have suspected it," she said.

"But I am," he said.

She looked at him wistfully.

"Now clap your hands," he said.

"No, Monsieur de Broussard," she returned; "I like you well enough to feel—to feel just a little sorry."

"Why, you said just the contrary a moment ago," he said.

"I meant in love with me," she said, smiling; "not in love with somebody else."

"It was you I meant," he said simply.

They walked on in silence. She drew imperceptibly closer to him, so that once or twice their hands touched. They were by this time in the forest, and

the long, white, level road, overhung by trees, was theirs alone. She waited with a suffocating impatience for him to speak; but the engineer, grave and preoccupied, moved steadily at her side without a word.

At last when they had covered perhaps a mile, he made some trivial remark about the hospital.

Presently the conversation died away again.

"Monsieur de Broussard," she said, beginning again in a voice she tried hard to make calm and undisturbed, "you have said either too much or too little."

"Too much," he returned. "Please forget it."

"Of course, you are the best judge of that," she said.

There was another prolonged silence.

"I suppose it's unladylike and dreadful, and you'll be perfectly shocked and all that," she said, "but really, I cannot let the thing drop like this. I cannot but feel a sort of implication that I am not worthy of your—your regard, Monsieur de Broussard."

"That is it," he said. "You are not worthy."

For a moment she was stunned.

"Please tell me in what way," she asked, too deeply wounded to resent his words.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, "spare me so ungracious a task."

"No, no," she cried. "You owe it to me to tell me; as a man of honour you must tell me; the worst criminal is at least told his crimes."

"It is scarcely my business to tell you yours," said de Broussard.

She caught his hand and held it in both her own.

"Monsieur," she said, "you have no right to torment me; to hint at things I know nothing of; to condemn me without a word. I am only a woman, but for once I will try and act like a man; I shall try and listen to you with patience; I shall try to defend myself from what I am sure must be a misconception."

"You put me in a cruel position," he said.

"Cruel!" she cried out. "What is mine, then?"

He made a gesture of despair.

"I insist," she said.

"Mademoiselle," he said slowly, "it is now three months since we have known each other at the inn. During that time do you think I have not had many opportunities of watching your conduct—and watching it all the more narrowly as a man whose heart was very deeply engaged?"

"Engaged! fiddlesticks!" she interrupted.

"You are, to put it brutally," continued de Broussard, "a flirt and a coquette. Not a man comes but you try to dazzle him; not a man comes but you are displeased if he is not instantly at your feet. You misuse your beauty and shame your delicacy and refinement by those indiscriminate affairs. You are unworthy of the affection of a straightforward and honourable man, and I count it a great misfortune to myself to have met and loved you."

Leslie listened with scarlet cheeks to this indictment of her conduct. Her softer mood gave way to a furious anger. Affronted to the quick, humiliated, degraded in her own eyes by these unexpected accusations, she scorned to make the least reply or to attempt in any way to defend herself. With her head in the air and her heart beating until it almost burst, she maintained an unbroken silence, while de Broussard, the picture of dejection, kept step beside her and stared hopelessly before him. In this manner, without so much as a single word passing between them, they walked the three miles that divided them from Morny, and arrived at last at the inn, where, with a stiff bow on either side, they separated, each in the belief that it was for ever.

They were not, as it appeared later, the only ones of the inn company who had been fated that day to undergo unusual experiences. Griswold, Haldane, Cooper, and Stanton, spending the afternoon at Nemours, thought to move public opinion in the right direction by staggering arm in arm down the main street, shouting, "*Vive Dreyfus!*" at the top of their voices. The effect of this on Nemours was unprecedented. Its infuriated citizens, hurrying out of restaurants and *brasseries*, and bearing the nearest weapons that came to hand—a carafe, a chair, a broom-handle, or the nearest bottle—proceeded to engulf the painters in a mob so resentful and ferocious that it took the entire police force, reinforced by the *pompiers*, to restore the merest semblance of order. Even then, so volcanic was the temper of the populace that the painters were immured in a whitewashed dungeon for several hours; and had their hurts dressed by the municipal surgeon, while their names, chest-measurements, nationality, length of noses, height, width between the eyes, colour of complexion, shape of chin, weight, and moles (if any) were entered in a Bertillon register, while all Nemours beat against the bars and shouted for their blood. At dusk they were ingloriously returned under escort to tell at the dinner-table the story of their wrongs, and to show, amid universal sympathy, the bandaged wounds so honourably won in the cause of justice.

At first, out of deference for de Broussard, the four heroes showed some moderation in their remarks. Cooper went so far as to admit the possible unwisdom of their action, and with his eyes on the engineer paid a perfunctory compliment to the exertions of the police. But as the dinner proceeded and bottles began to empty, the matter gradually assumed an international importance, and the French in general were unsparingly abused. Fleets were talked of; the days of '70 were gloatingly recalled; there were threats of outraged Ambassadors leaving their outraged posts.

"France!" vociferated Griswold, in the voice of a bull. "France: a nation of cowards! France: a nation of degenerates! France: cankered with corruption, sapped with habsinthe, perishing in the throes of infamous vices. France: bad heart, bad books, bad plays, bad women! There in four words is this pariah of the nations, where one cannot so much as cry '*Vive Dreyfus!*' in a market town without causing a revolution!"



Griswold wiped his black eye with his napkin, swallowed another glass of wine, and continued—

"Did you ever know a Frenchman who was half-way honest? Did you ever know a Frenchwoman—"

Before he could finish de Broussard rose quietly from his chair and rapped warningly with his hand against the table. There was an instant silence. Griswold, tipsy and defiant, glared at the engineer, and squared his brawny shoulders.

"Monsieur Griswold," said de Broussard, coolly and softly, "might I remind you there is a Frenchman sitting in your midst?"

"Well, it's the truth," Griswold blurted out.

"Will you not, then, withdraw those very offensive remarks about my country?" demanded the engineer.

"No," said Griswold.

"Nor apologise?" continued de Broussard.

"No fear," said Griswold.

De Broussard looked about the table.

"I have been among you here for nearly three months," he said, addressing the whole company. "I cannot recall that I have ever been neglectful or at fault in any of the petty amenities of intercourse; I have always comported myself, I believe, as befits a gentleman and a man of honour; I think no one, not even Mr. Griswold, could accuse me of an undue readiness to take offence."

He stopped, looked round the table again, and waited apparently for an answer.

"Of course, I cannot remain here," he went on, "if there are not some of you to take my part; if there are not some to ask me to remain; if there are not some to accord the expression of regret that Mr. Griswold withholds."

His eyes rested on Leslie's face.

"Have I not a single friend here?" he asked, with a curious break in his voice.

Leslie made no sign as her glance met his in a prolonged stare, her beautiful face betraying nothing but disdain, and wearing an expression at once mocking and contemptuous.

"I thought at least there might be one," said the engineer.

At this moment little Miss Tessle, a plain, shy, middle-aged animal-painter who sat next to Leslie, and who had been fidgeting and turning in her seat, suddenly attempted to rise and speak. Even as she did so Leslie caught her round the waist and forced her back.

"Sit down!" she exclaimed in a voice clearly audible round the entire table. "Sit down, I tell you. We don't want the Frenchman here!"

De Broussard changed colour, laid down his napkin, pushed his chair to one side, and left the room.

This was his last appearance in the big *salle-à-manger*. After that night he took his meals apart in a little room opening off the courtyard, where sometimes Leslie would catch a glimpse of him sitting solitary with a book or an open portfolio of engineering plans. She cut Griswold dead, and never spoke to him again, going back, with a kind of passionate exaltation, to a life almost as lonely as de Broussard's own. Her group, under the influence of a redoubled activity, began at last to approach completion; and she found in this feverish devotion to her work a solace for the unacknowledged ache in her heart. The group, too, seemed to be better than she had ever hoped to make it; she felt by fine degrees that sense of power which is the most exquisite sensation of the creative artist; she would even forget de Broussard for a whole morning at a time as she stood in her blouse before the wet clay, glowing with inner fires.

As formerly, she took her early walks before the household was astir, or rowed by herself on the placid river. Again and again, with shy precautions against a rencounter, she would approach the aqueduct by lanes or meadow-paths, and watch from afar, with a strange jealousy, the course of its animated progress. It was now wholly spanned, and the great spidery fabric of steel and stone, rising above the busy

disorder at its feet, was undergoing the secondary and concluding stages of construction. From the vantage of an overlooking hill Leslie would often see the engineer on his round of inspection as he trod the scaffoldings with the fearlessness of a seaman. She would crush herself down in the deep damp grass with a childish fear that he might detect her presence, and would wait in agony until he had descended again into safety. Then, giving him a long start, she would follow him back to the inn, flushed with shame, and vowing that at any cost she would drive the thought of him from her head.

One evening, as she happened to pass his door after dinner, she was surprised to see him sitting at table with a stranger. She went at once to Madame Siron, and was told that de Broussard was ordered

another proof of her coquettishness, a fresh vindication of his own detestable opinion of her?

She passed over the bridge and beyond to the shaded road. She walked slowly, trailing the tip of her parasol in the dust. "*Les consolations des arts*," she repeated to herself, and wondered whether any clay, or bronze, or marble had power to stifle regret or longing in a woman's bosom. She thought of her own summer's work, and, dear as it was to her, satisfying as it was in its undeniable advance on anything she had ever before attempted, what was it, after all, in the comparison?

Her heart failed her, when at last, turning at the sound of footsteps, she perceived the two engineers on their way homeward from Montcour. Her first instinct was one of shame; her second, a tumultuous anger. Her eyes flashed as de Broussard saluted her, and she

could scarcely speak as Monsieur Clut was introduced, and it was taken apparently for granted that they should all return to the inn together. Walking between the two, she was the recipient for a few moments of their undivided, if somewhat perfunctory, attention; and then de Broussard, apologising for troubling her with business, resumed his interrupted conversation with his *confrère*. It was all about the aqueduct, the nature of the work yet to be done, the points that needed particular attention, the pending sub-contracts, the unsatisfactory nature of the last steel delivery, an interminable and technical harangue in what to Leslie was an unknown language. De Broussard talked with intense earnestness, with the utter absorption of a man completely master of his subject: he was making his engineering will, and his heir, the young man with the eye-glasses, respectfully asked questions and took notes.

The conversation continued up to the inn.

"*Voilà, Monsieur Clut, nous sommes finis!*" exclaimed de Broussard.

"Well done!" said Clut, looking at his watch. "You are within seven minutes of your departure."

"You must pardon me for having seemed so discourteous," said de Broussard, turning to Leslie.

She made a deprecatory gesture.

Clut looked at her sharply, and from her again to his superior. Then he took out a cigar and slipped away into the tap-room for a match. He was a Frenchman of perception.

"Monsieur de Broussard," said Leslie quickly, "won't you come into my studio and see my work before you go? It also is finished."

"I congratulate you," said the engineer, rising and following her.

She led him in silence across the court, unlocked the door and ushered him in. The bare, cold room, with its chill centrepiece of draped clay, offered a forbidding contrast to the bright day outside.

"Sit down," said Leslie, drawing up a chair. He did so.

Leslie went up to the group, carefully unwrapped the wet sheets, moved to one side, and stealthily regarded him.

"It is good," he said.

Their eyes met. He saw the tears running down her face; saw, too, though he knew not why, that she was holding a heavy mallet in her hand. Before he could expostulate, before it even dawned on him what she was about to do, he saw her swing the thing round her pretty head and dash her work to fragments. He cried out; he ran and tried to stop her; he caught her by the wrists. But fiercely freeing herself, she sent the clay crashing to the floor under repeated blows.

"There," she said, throwing down the mallet, "I have learned your lesson! To-morrow I return to America."

In another instant she found herself clasped in his arms, with her head lying against his breast, panting and crying under his kisses.

There was a knock at the door which neither heard, and Clut entered hastily. He stood transfixed on the threshold.

"Dear Clut," said de Broussard, still with one arm round Leslie's waist, "congratulate me! This adorable young lady has just consented to be my wife!"

THE END.



He saw her dash her work to fragments.

away to an important Government commission in Madagascar. It was an affair of so urgent a nature that he was leaving Morny on the morrow and resigning the aqueduct to Monsieur Clut, the newcomer.

Madagascar!

"Mademoiselle is pale!" said the old woman.

"A headache, that is all," said Leslie. Then she went upstairs, locked the door, and cried herself to sleep.

It was a little after seven o'clock as she descended the dark stair and found herself in the village street. She crossed the bridge half-way, and, leaning over the parapet, gazed down at the eddying current below the arches. She was in the throes of all sorts of indecisions; even her pride, the strongest rock of her support, seemed on the eve of failing her. That merciless, silent, determined man—would he go without a sign, without a word, and pass out of her life for ever? Could she be so bold as to stop him, to hold out the olive branch with her trembling hand, to show at the last the faltering colours of her surrender? Would he not see, in his perversity, only another of her traps,



# THE TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS: SCENES ON THE MACEDONIAN-BULGARIAN FRONTIER.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.



HORSES FOR FRONTIER GUERILLA WARFARE.



A WINE-CONVOY: MACEDONIAN "BUFFLE" USED AS DRAUGHT ANIMALS.



BULGARIAN OFFICERS COLLECTING HORSES.



A BORDER POST IN A MOUNTAIN PASS.



A BULGARIAN FRONTIER OFFICER.



TOBACCO-SMUGGLERS ON THE BORDER.



MACEDONIAN FUGITIVES FROM PERSECUTION: A GREEK PRIEST WITH HIS FAMILY.



A TYPICAL MACEDONIAN LEADER AND HIS LIEUTENANTS.



# THE BALKAN TROUBLE: FORCES OF THE SMALLER EASTERN EUROPEAN STATES.

THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD: NO. VII. DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOPK.



ROUMANIA.—1. THE ROSIORI REGIMENT ON PARADE. 2. A PRIVATE OF A VENATORI (RIFLE) BATTALION IN MARCHING ORDER. 3. INFANTRY IN FIELD SERVICE ORDER.  
BULGARIA.—4. THE "ALEXANDER" INFANTRY REGIMENT. 5. A GENERAL AND STAFF.

SERVIA.—6. A CAVALRY VEDETTE. 7. AN OFFICER (IN FULL DRESS) AND A PRIVATE (IN MARCHING ORDER) OF THE INFANTRY.  
MONTENEGRO.—8. AN INFANTRY OFFICER IN FULL DRESS.

*In case of mobilisation, Roumania would have at its disposal a field force of 180,000 and 100,000 reserve; Bulgaria would have 126,960 of a field force and 81,996 reserve; Servia would have 129,613 of a field force and 186,000 militia; while Montenegro could muster a field force of 43,500 men.*





Photo. Marsh.

BOAT-RACE PRACTICE AT HENLEY: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW IN THE NEW BOAT BUILT FOR MR. SPENCER GOLLAN.  
*The Light Blues have this year been conducting trials in a short boat and a long. On March 11 the short boat gave the better time; next day the result was reversed.*



L. Sabattier

A HOLIDAY IN MOROCCO: THE PASTIME OF THE "NOUARS," OR BIG WHEELS, AT THE FÊTE OF THE MOUTON AT TAZA.  
 DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.  
*Even the sedate Oriental rivals in his festive moments the pastimes of the holiday-making Londoner, and the "nouars" recall similar contrivances at Hampstead on Bank holidays.*



# THE END OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S TOUR: MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HOME-COMING.

DRAWING BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SOUTHAMPTON.



THE "NORMAN," WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON BOARD, COMING ALONGSIDE OCEAN QUAY, SOUTHAMPTON, MARCH 14.



MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, MISS CHAMBERLAIN, AND THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF SOUTHAMPTON WAITING ON THE QUAY.



MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN LEAVING THE DOCKS



THE ARRIVAL OF MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN AT THE HARTLEY INSTITUTE.



THE DEPARTURE FROM WATERLOO.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S WELCOME: THE CIVIC RECEPTION AT HARTLEY HALL, SOUTHAMPTON.

*When Mr. Chamberlain appeared on the platform at Hartley Hall, the enthusiasm was tremendous, the cheering lasting for several minutes, while the entire audience rose to its feet.*





MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S WELCOME BACK TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AFTER HIS COLONIAL TOUR, MARCH 16.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

*The Colonial Secretary entered the House during question time. Mr. George Wyndham had just risen to answer a question when the right honourable gentleman came in from behind the Speaker's Chair. Mr. Chamberlain was greeted with prolonged cheerfulness.*



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Better Sort.* By Henry James. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Tale of a Tour in Macedonia.* By G. F. Abbott. (London: Arnold. 14s.)  
*Lady Rose's Daughter.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)  
*Wisdom While You Wait.* (London: Isbister. 1s.)  
*The Life of Bret Harte.* By T. Edgar Pemberton. (London: Pearson. 16s.)  
*The Birds in Our Wood.* By George Dewar. (London: Lawrence and Bullen. 7s. 6d.)  
*A Third Pot-Pourri.* By Mrs. Earle. (London: Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. James has given us a volume of short stories in which many readers may find his remarkable qualities better displayed than in his novels. In the novels his ideas are sometimes obscured by the intricacy of the exposition; but in the short stories we grasp them readily, and appreciate without difficulty the extraordinary amplitude of his resources. The writers who pour out tales which are supposed to show invention should feel abashed when they consider Mr. James's capacity in that line. When it comes to inventing an original situation, he is easily their master. What is more, his situations always serve to make more intense the human nature out of which they spring, so that we are interested less in the event itself than in its effect upon the people it concerns. Mr. James gives us the idea of an observer who never looks at an ordinary social gathering without divining some strange matter in the lives of two or three persons who are probably attracting the smallest notice from the company. Take the story called "The Beldonald Holbein." There is a crowd in a painter's studio, and a little ugly old woman is sitting disregarded in a corner. She is Lady Beldonald's companion. Suddenly the eye of a French painter lights upon her; he whispers hurriedly to the host, and in a twinkling the little ugly old woman is rescued from obscurity and placed upon a pedestal, because she is a living incarnation of a Holbein. She tastes the sweets of glory, but they bring nothing but unhappiness, and how that comes about the reader must find out for himself. It is a striking example of the author's insight and imagination. And the volume is full of such examples.

Mr. Abbott's "Tour in Macedonia" was undertaken with the view of studying the folk-lore of the country. How far his expedition was successful in its direct purpose he does not tell us in this amusing book, which purports to be no more than a lightly written account of his experiences in a little-traversed country, with observations on "men, women, and Government officials." Why the last should be grouped separately becomes abundantly clear as we accompany Mr. Abbott on his travels and see the condition of the people through his critical but sympathetic eyes. The author does not take himself too seriously: he is content for the most part to record what he sees and hears, allowing the information gleaned to speak for itself; and by result he has produced a picture of peasant and town life in Macedonia clear in its outline and convincing in its details. Anything more wretched than the life led by the people between the Government officials on the one hand and the bands of brigands on the other it would be difficult to imagine. No official is above bribery, and no excuse is too shallow or too flimsy to practise the most shameless extortion. The system of taxation, whereby each village is assessed at a lump sum, which is collected by a local council, sets a premium on laziness and neglect on the one hand, and opens wide the door for corruption on the other. In such wise are the taxes collected that orchards are frequently cut down and crops uprooted as a less ruinous step than paying the taxes levied on the produce; and in the wake of the tax-gatherer come the "Hebrew vultures" eager to lend money to the wretched taxpayer, who must borrow at exorbitant interest as the only alternative to having his house ransacked and plundered, and himself imprisoned or flogged. As regards the condition of the Christians in Macedonia, Mr. Abbott quickly dispels any illusions we may have cherished concerning "reforms." Throwing much light on matters not too clearly understood in England, this book is both opportune and instructive.

Not since her admirable early study, "Miss Bretherton," has Mrs. Humphry Ward done anything so human and ample as her new book, "Lady Rose's Daughter." In atmosphere alone the novel is rarer and clearer than that of any "society" fiction we have seen for a very long time, and the characters are conformable to the air they breathe—that of inmost Mayfair. The binding of the knot is of the subtlest, and the spiritual issue so fine that it defies analysis. For to outline in a brief review the story of Julie Le Breton's woes is to see the fabric crumble before our eyes, and it is with apology that the attempt is made. Julie Dalrymple had in the eyes of the law no right to exist. Her mother, Lady Rose Chantrey, unhappily mated to Colonel Delaney, fled at last to share exile in Belgium with the visionary reformer and rebel Marriott Dalrymple. Her father, Lord Lackington, saw her no more; but, relenting somewhat on his daughter's death, made some slight monetary provision for her child on condition that he was troubled no more with its welfare. In process of time, Julie Dalrymple (known as Julie Le Breton) appeared in London as *dame de compagnie* to Lady Henry Delafield, the aged leader of a brilliant *salon*. Growing infirmity puts Lady Henry at a disadvantage, and Julie gradually supersedes her. In the unknown companion the life of the Bruton Street Wednesdays is

at length centred. Ministers bow at her footstool; she makes the careers of her favoured friends. But Lady Henry, pardonably enough, rebels against her dependent's power, and the two women come to open war. Finally, Julie earns her dismissal by an outrage on decency and good feeling. One night, when Lady Henry was too ill to receive, the companion



"FOR MY ROSE'S CHILD," HE SAID GENTLY.

Reproduced from "Lady Rose's Daughter," by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

entertained a select circle in the library. On a cold judgment, the girl's behaviour was atrocious; but Lady Henry had virtually challenged her to fight, and the novelist by extraordinary dexterity keeps us in sympathy with the heroine. Of the other strands in the web—Julie's extraordinary love affairs, her passion for Warkworth, for whom she procures the Mokembé Mission; her futile resistance to the overmastering passion of a worthier lover, the last of the Delafields—the reader must learn from the book itself. The psychology is as unusual as it is well handled, but the novel remains more or less a conundrum. One feels that Julie was not estimable, and yet one knows not where condemnation should begin.

This is a matter-of-fact age, and it is not often that the reviewer comes across such a delightful piece of foolery as "Wisdom While You Wait," being a fore-taste of the glories of the "Insidecomplettuar Britannia-ware," in which the *Times* edition of the "Encyclopædia



THE LAVRA MONASTERY ON MOUNT ATHOS.

Reproduced from "The Tale of a Tour in Macedonia," by permission of Mr. Edward Arnold.

Britannica" and the advertisements which recommended it to the public are subjected to a myriad shafts of merciless and yet wholly good-tempered ridicule. The little book is signed by the transparent initials "E.V.L. and C.L.G." Those who had the privilege of reading the first edition, which was printed for private circulation only, will note some additions. The brilliant little *jeu d'esprit* is brought up to date by references to the Durbar, including a delicious picture entitled "The Smart Set at Delhi: Cobra-feeding before Breakfast." The other pictures are the quaintest mid-Victorian wood-cuts, which are gravely provided with the most modern titles. The ecstatic advertisements before referred to are legitimately

satirised. Thus, if you are twenty-one next birthday, and you subscribe one shilling a month, you are told that you will have reached the age of 1120 years before your payments need cease, but you will get the books instantly. Nothing can stop them. In case their acquisition should be felt as a confession of ignorance, they will be packed to resemble alien articles. Thus Mr. Bernard Shaw writes: "So admirable were the precautions of your Secret Supply Service that Mrs. Shaw is still under the impression that the cellar merely contains a year's supply of Grape Nuts."

Bret Harte was one of the literary disciples of Dickens, and probably the best of them. Dickens recognised in some of the young American's early stories a manner like his own, but a matter entirely fresh. His life in California enabled Bret Harte to study types of character quite unknown to a sophisticated world, and he made the best use of his opportunity. His tales of the "Argonauts" revealed the whole of his talent; in all the long literary career that succeeded them he never recaptured their originality. To the end of his life he remained a pleasant story-teller, repeating his effects with an agreeable simplicity that gave no offence. Personally the most unassuming of men, he had many staunch friends, notably Froude; but there is extremely little to tell us of what he said to them or of what they said to him. Mr. Edgar Pemberton prints a number of letters, as a biographer is bound to do, but there is nothing in them. Bret Harte was as poor a letter-writer as William Black, and he did not inspire his distinguished correspondents to say anything in particular. His life was most uneventful. He was at one time American Consul at Crefeld, and at another time American Consul at Glasgow, and of neither experience is there much to be said. Mr. Pemberton would have us believe that at Crefeld his hero struck out a new line in his writing, but we can see no evidence of it. The writing was always the same. Mr. Pemberton quotes the opening of "Gabriel Conroy," a description of a snowstorm in the familiar Dickens manner. The quotation is made for the purpose of this comment: "It is a noteworthy and curious fact that this realistic picture of pitiless snow and biting cold was conjured up and written down on one of the hottest days of a notoriously hot summer, and while the author was actually fanning himself." We fear that Mr. Pemberton has had to make his book out of very scanty material; but he has done it with exemplary goodwill.

The spirit in which Mr. Dewar has dealt with "The Birds in Our Wood," albeit he writes for the children, might profitably be adopted by more ambitious writers on natural history. He takes some forty-four or forty-five species with which he is on terms of intimate acquaintance, and chats pleasantly about their everyday doings, more particularly in the nesting season, confining himself almost entirely to facts which have come under his own observation. He shows himself to be a very patient and careful student of bird life; hence what he has to say is well worth reading, and is, we think, well calculated to inspire the youthful reader with that taste for observation which is a source of such endless pleasure to him who has cultivated it. Of "bird books" there are only too many; but Mr. Dewar's remarks on the ways of such common species as the wren, tit, starling, or whitethroat prove the truth of his assertion that we have still a great deal to learn concerning the ordinary habits of such familiar friends as these. An attractive feature of the book is the total absence of anything approaching dogmatism: the author accepts facts as he finds them, and denies himself the luxury of explanations which might or might not be correct. It is true that on occasion he betrays a tendency towards the other extreme, questioning the accuracy of explanations which are widely, and perhaps justly, accepted; but this is likely to encourage the youthful naturalist to think for himself.

Rarely are two successes followed in due course by a third success, but all those who delighted in Mrs. Earle's two first books will eagerly welcome "A Third Pot-Pourri," perhaps all the more so because in this volume the writer has revealed far more of her own personality than she chose to do in "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden" and in "More Pot-Pourri." In these days, when all the world is so painfully interested in various health questions, most people will find something to criticise, and even something to learn, in this book; for the whole of the first portion is taken up with describing very elaborately the benefit which Mrs. Earle believes herself to have obtained by a course of strict vegetarianism. It is strange that a lady whose first book owed not a little of its success to the innumerable excellent recipes for preparing fish, flesh, and fowl in new and attractive fashions, should now confess herself to have been for many years past a non-meat-eater of the most rigorous kind. Those of her readers who are absolutely uninterested in diet will find plenty to amuse and instruct them in the central chapters of "A Third Pot-Pourri," for there the writer again takes up her tale of the months, while even now, in spite of the plethora of war-books with which we have been satiated of late, the letters of the late Captain Earle to his mother are full of deep and painful interest to those who follow, even from afar, the regeneration and reconstitution of our Army. The whole course of the late war might have been very different had there been more young officers as keenly interested in their profession as was evidently the earnest, thoughtful young man who died fighting for his country, and whose unaffected letters home are a real contribution to the history of modern warfare as seen by "the man on the spot."



# THE PROPOSED NAVAL CANAL TO CONNECT ST. MARGARET'S HOPE NAVAL BASE WITH THE CLYDE.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CLYDE ESTUARY, SHOWING THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE FORTH AND CLYDE CANAL, AND THE WATERSHED.

- |                           |                           |                      |                             |                        |              |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|--------------|
| 1. FORTH AND CLYDE CANAL. | 3. CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.    | 5. RIVER CLYDE.      | 7. DUNGLASS CASTLE.         | 9. AUCHINTORLIE HOUSE. | 11. GLASGOW  |
| 2. BOWLING HARBOUR.       | 4. NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY. | 6. BOWLING SHIPYARD. | 8. LORD BLANTYRE'S MANSION. | 10. OLD KILPATRICK.    | 12. PAISLEY. |



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The publication of Tyndall's instructive book entitled "The Floating Matter of the Air" marked an era not only in respect of science at large, but also in respect of many problems of public health. It is safe to say that, even though the date of the publication of this volume extends by no means very far back, it directed attention anew to the germ theory of disease. Its account of experimentation made on the question of spontaneous generation—that is, whether or not living things could arise from non-living matter—is alone worth perusal even in these latter days, when we are all content to accept and to act upon Redi's maxim, *omne vivum ex vivo*. But the demonstration Tyndall gave of the air as a "stirabout" of floating dust particles was highly characteristic, and opened the eyes of those who read the book to the enormous dust-cloud which is comprised in the great air ocean that surrounds our globe. The experimentation, undertaken with the view of showing forth the truth of the germ theory, is alone worth reperusal as a record of much careful, painstaking, scientific work.

The question of dealing with the air-dust is one which has always figured prominently in the minds of sanitarians and scientific men at large. "Dust and disease" has become a phrase which we accept because of the demonstration that the latter often arises out of the former. We are safe in saying that if we could abolish dust, we should find many diseases disappear, and it is because dust represents in part so much disease-producing material that the expression just noted is regarded as worthy a practical application to the public health. It would be a gross mistake to suppose that dust is universally dangerous. Much of it consists of mineral particles; some of it is represented by shreds of our clothing; some of it is dead particles derived from the bodies of animals and plants; some of it represents the germs or spores of moulds and yeasts and other forms of lower plant life, and some of it finally consists of disease-producing microbes. Dust is therefore a kind of *olla podrida* of particles. It is a heterogeneous combination of atoms derived from the world of life and from that of non-living matter.

Of the universal diffusion of dust nothing need be said. We only escape contact with it if we go to the mountain-tops, or flush our lungs with the air of the open sea. When we enter the abodes of men, and when we breathe the air of cities, our invasion by dust particles is full and complete. Examination of the air demonstrates these facts. In a cubic metre of air (a metre is over 39 in. in length, and a cubic metre comprises over 220 gallons) taken from the open sea or mountain-tops there were found only six or ten germs. In the saloons of ships at sea sixty microbes occurred. These figures show great purity of air. In old houses in Paris the quantity found was 79,000 and over, so that we may fairly assume that air-impurity of other kinds as well increases in direct ratio to the number of microbes the atmosphere exhibits.

In our great centres of population we have to face a perpetual bombardment by dust particles of all species. Sweeping arrangements of ordinary kind only distribute them, and remove them from one place to another. The same may be said of the household sweeper and the familiar duster. There is displacement of dust, but no destruction. Even the corners of our rooms and the crevices of our cornices are harbours of refuge for the dust atoms. That is why in hospitals there are no angles in the walls, but rounded surfaces instead. The plan of the housewife who uses damp tea-leaves preparatory to her swooping down with her broom or sweeper is a concession to an old idea that has ample justification at its back. For so long as dust is kept wetted it is not dangerous in so far as its dissemination into the air is concerned. Its particles are stayed in their flight by the moisture. The dry state liberates them, and then comes our invasion when we swallow and breathe them into our frames.

There is no doubt that we require the inauguration of a new system of treating dust. Recent experiments conducted abroad should serve as a model for enterprising town councillors here, anxious to benefit the race by the reduction of dust and disease. It is found that flushing the streets is a vastly superior process, in respect of its efficiency, to sweeping them in what is called the dry method. The Paris Medical Society reported that flushing, not sweeping, should be the order of the day. The dust-cart should be a thing of the past. Its dry dust is blown out with every gust that supervenes. But to wet dust is to render it innocuous first of all, and to sweep it away by aid of the hydrant is to remove it and to send it forth from the bounds of cities with the sewage. Especially in summer should flushing be carried out. It is then that dirt dries and becomes dust. It is then also that we get food tainted, and especially milk, with the result that the little children die off in thousands from infantile cholera, due to the tainting of their food.

More than this, science is teaching us that we should disinfect our dust. If to the flushing water disinfectants are added we render ourselves doubly safe. It may even be that in the future of domestic science we shall find the housewife dealing with dust as science recommends. I read also of a system of cleaning carpets and other things by sucking the dust out of them by a vacuum process. This means no disturbance of the carpet even, and the dust thus drawn out is disposed of at once by cremating it. So let us bethink ourselves of a crusade against dust. Once undertaken, the grievous time (to the male mind) represented by the "spring cleaning" may become a thing of the past.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

JULIA SHORT.—We are very glad to hear from you again. Solution correct, as usual.

L. DESANGES.—Thanks for problem, which we hope to find correct.

W. WILKINSON (Chatham).—We regret we cannot answer by post. In case No. 1 the Black Pawn cannot take the White. In No. 2 White cannot take the Black after it has moved on to the black square. Better get some elementary book.

R. ST. G. BURKE.—We shall be pleased to examine the batch, and will report shortly the result.

FIDELITAS.—Your last problem is correct, but not equal to your previous effort, and scarcely up to our standard.

P. DALY.—We are not satisfied with the two problems last sent, but will be glad to examine anything further.

A. W. DANIEL.—In your problems (unnumbered), key-move 1. Kt to K 5th, if Black play K takes R, where is the mate? In the other, if Black play 1. K to K B 3rd, we see no mate next move.

R. G. S. (Kensington).—Such accidents are inseparable from the severe strain of mental play, and your criticism is consequently misplaced.

H. P. REWARD.—Thanks, we will play it over.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3063 and 3064 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3068 from Gertrude M. Field (Athol, Mass.), Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and Police-Constable Slater (Fathfield); of No. 3069 from Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell), Police-Constable Slater, and the Reading Society (Corfu); of No. 3070 from A. G. (Pancsova), Clement C. Danby, Edith Corser (Reigate), S. S. Summers (Gloucester), the Reading Society (Corfu), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), H. S. Brandreth (Rome), and W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3071 received from Julia Short (Exeter), G. C. B. A. Belcher (Wycombe), J. W. (Campsie), Shadforth, Thomas H. Knight (Greenwich), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Hereward, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Martin F. Reginald Gordon, Thomas Hancock (Cle Hill), R. Worters (Canterbury), Clement C. Danby, Henry Phillips, F. J. S. (Hampstead), Sorrento, E. J. Winter-Wood, H. Turner (Leigh), Henry Browne (Amesbury), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), H. Le Jeune, A. H. Adams (Kingston-on-Thames), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), I. Desanges, Thomas Henderson (Leeds), Albert Wolff (Putney), Jersey Goronite, G. T. Hughes (Dublin), A. T. (Clifton), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), James Hodgson (Barrow-in-Furness), W. D. Easton (Sunderland), J. M. Dalziel (Sanderstead), George H. Kelland (Jersey), Twynam (Ryde), Edward M. Pyson (Higham), and T. Roberts.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3070.—By FIDELITAS.

WHITE.

1. Q to Kt 6th

2. R to B 4th (ch)

3. B mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 4th, 2. B to B and (ch); and if 1. Kt takes P, then 2. P to B 3rd, etc.

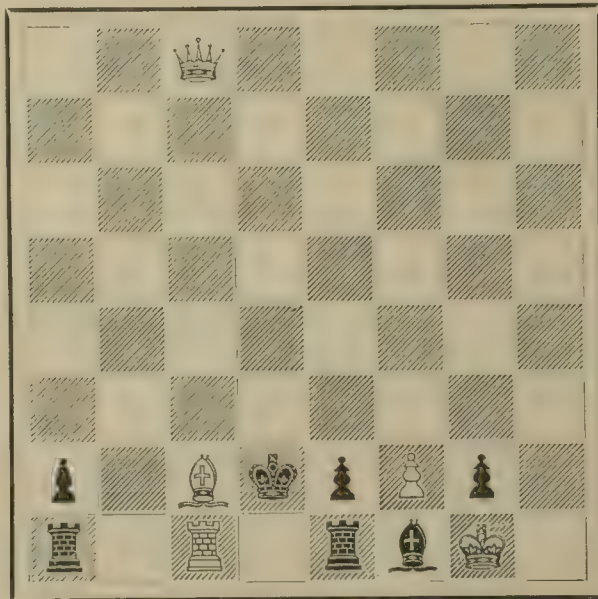
BLACK.

P takes Q

Kt takes R

PROBLEM No. 3073.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tourney between Messrs. SCHLECHTER and MIESES.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Q 3rd
2. K Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	15. P to B 4th	
3. P to B 4th	P takes P		
4. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd		
5. B takes P			

The order of moves in this opening is somewhat at the choice of the players, but the normal position is soon reached.

6. Castles	B to K 2nd	15. Q takes Kt	Q takes Kt
7. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	16. B to Kt 2nd	Q to B 3rd
8. Q to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	17. B takes Kt	P takes B
9. K to Q sq	Q to B 2nd	18. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K to R sq
10. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	19. Q to R 4th	P to B 4th
11. P takes P	B takes P	20. Q to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
12. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to K 4th	21. R to K B sq	Q to Kt 3rd

Black plays with a commendable degree of confidence for tourney play.

Another Game in the Tournament, between Messrs. PILLSBURY and WOLF.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. B to Kt sq	Kt takes Kt
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	17. B P takes Kt	Kt to Q 2nd
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	18. B takes B	R takes B
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	19. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B sq
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	20. R to B sq	Q to Q 2nd
6. P to K 3rd	Castles	21. Q to B 6th	P to Kt 5th
7. R to B sq	P to Q Kt 3rd		

There is a difficulty about developing the Queen's Bishop. But P to Q B 3rd here would seem to be more useful, and would, as it turns out, have been safer.

Not having Castled, Kt to Q Kt 5th is premature. White proceeds to build up a strong centre instead.

9. P to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd	27. Q takes Q R	Kt takes B
10. B to Q 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	28. Q to K B 6th	R to K sq
11. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th	29. R to B sq	B to R 3rd
12. Castles	P to B 5th	30. Q to Kt 5th	K to R sq
13. B to B 5th	P to Kt 4th	31. Q to R 4th	Kt to B sq
14. R to B 3rd	R to K sq	32. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
15. R to R 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	33. R takes R	Resigns.

As Black is compelled to play this weakening move, he has the worst game from this point.

The annual chess cable match between British and American players for the "Newnes" trophy will take place on April 3 and 4. On this occasion the ten English players will be located in the Cannon Street Hotel.

## UNDER THE MOON.

The sun indisputably divides the sparrow-hawk's rule from that of the tawny owl, the only other bird of prey living in the hazel copse.

They reign over the same kingdom, the one by day and the other by night; if either encroaches upon his rival's domain, it is indeed as a stranger in a land which he does not recognise. The owl lives in the charred and empty frame of a tree that long ago was riven by lightning and made green again by ivy. An entanglement of that plant's tough sinews screens his hermitage, enabling him to close his eyes in sequestered shade when the sunshine burns fiercely outside the wood. While the slow withdrawal of day works the gradual transformation of the hazel copse whereby it is fitted for his possession, he wakes to sound his hunting-cry, the jovial *Ho-ho-hoo-oo!* to which his sober spirit leaps. Comfortably the darkness thickens, cheerily the bats come forth; little birds whisper dreamily in the black brushwood; furry hunters stretch and stir, each in his dusky lair. *Ho-ho-hoo-oo!* how winsome is the night! He flits on to his threshold and thrusts his round head out to descry, in the intervals of much blinking, the sparrow-hawk settling to roost high in the looming elm. He calls his hollow greeting to him, repeating it at intervals as he stands leisurely surveying his preserve, while the twinkling stars grow brighter and the outlines of the land more dim. The one hunter's eyes close upon a world in which he takes no further interest, as those of the other spy out more and more readily glimpses of feathered forms in the trees, the murky crew of flying things overhead, the mouse anxiously clasping his nut under the leaf of the hazels, trying to determine whether he can safely begin to drill a hole in it. And having thus complacently taken his measure of the good things in store for him, the owl begins his noiseless quest.

He does not attempt a descent into the hazels, knowing the sleepers there would make good their escape, even as he burst through the twigs. He may have thought the mouse worth investigation, but that shrewd sprite saw him coming, and skipped without hesitation into his storehouse in a hazel's mossy roots—to reappear, it is true, the next instant. All mice lose their wits and regain confidence in the same moment, and often precipitate themselves into their holes only to turn round and come out again. So the stoat who has seen one vanish under his nose is aware that he need not wait long for a meal, and will call his dogged patience into play, often with result. The weasel is too eager to care for such tactics. He will thrust his muzzle into the hole, sending his hot breath after its poor little inhabitant, to paralyse it for the next hour, then gaily take himself off. But the wood-owl is remarkable neither for self-control nor ardour. He generally catches his mice by swooping suddenly upon them from over a hedge or round a corner; if one is too quick for him, he passes serenely on, sure that he will secure the next.

He glides among the spread branches of tall trees to pick off chance little birds that he may find roosting there; he beats about the warren, often capturing a baby rabbit as it looks wonderingly for the first time upon the mysterious world. Feathered folk may league against him whenever they see him, but as that is seldom, they are not able to make life a burden to him as to the hawk, wherefore he can afford to take existence more placidly. He passes silently from field to field, down to the river, where white mists unfold dankly, back to the down, where dew rises thickly through the grass, catching a frog or a water-rat, a vole, or a half-grown hedgehog; glad that his wings do not sing like those of the mallards that pass in noisy flocks; amused at the plovers that whistle and cry, rising from where they feed as they catch sight of him, wheeling their cumbersome lines across the sky, to form up behind him and speed him on his way. Moonlight and darkness, stillness and storm, find him thus calmly hunting.

At all seasons of the year ricks are worth investigation, for rats are seldom idle. In summer his fare is most deliciously varied: bats, in the intervals of their quiet but crowded revels, creep awkwardly invitingly among the boughs; tender leverets blunder unsuspectingly about the grass fields; fishes leap gleefully in stream and river. The shrew free-fights in autumn are to the tawny owl both interesting and profitable. Hoarfrosts are just beginning to assert themselves over the heavy dews when it occurs to those sprites that too many of their race are in existence, and the idea soon becomes common property. All agree in it, but each with the reserve that he or she should unquestionably survive the common massacre.

One autumn night, years ago, when moon and stars and frost made the land a study in silver and black, he met a long-eared owl from the north, who told a wondrous story. He had come from fields where the brown earth seemed to move between the stubble, where one did not need to reflect as to where one should pounce, being more likely to descend upon a vole than the mould. Guns were lowered before him and all his brother hunters; neither dogs nor boys were permitted to scare them; they feared not for nests or young; for the moment, in fact, all-powerful man befriended them, and times were golden indeed. The long-eared owl's orange eyes shone and his ruff stood out about his face at the blissful recollection. Perhaps his wood friend was slow to believe in such preposterously good fortune, and above all, suspicious of man's kindness. Relations between him and the human frequenters of the hazel copse have always been, and as far as he is concerned ever will be, strained. And so he would not follow his cousin to the land of plenty next spring.

He might have congratulated himself when autumn came again, bringing no long-eared owl. The speculation in the North had failed, and man's friendship along with it. It was thanks to his own discretion that our nocturnal hunter saw three grey balls hatched out safely in the hollow tree, destined to become owlets, who would call out the stars with him, crying *Ho-ho-hoo-oo!* when the sun went down.



THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XIII.: JAMAICA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE BRITISH SEIZURE OF JAMAICA, 1655: CROMWELL'S SHIPS, UNDER PENN AND VENABLES, SINKING THE SPANISH VESSELS IN JAMAICA HARBOUR.

*Jamaica was the first of our West Indian Colonies to be acquired by force. In the winter of 1654 a fleet of sixty ships, commanded by Admiral Penn, and carrying some four thousand men under General Venables, left Portsmouth with sealed orders from Cromwell. It was rightly suspected that they were bound for the West Indies. Hispaniola was unsuccessfully attacked, and the capture of Jamaica on May 3, 1655, was the only beneficial result of the expedition. On their return to England, Penn and Venables were committed to the Tower; for precisely what reason has never been known.*





NATIVE MOUNTED SPEARMEN CHASING A BULL ON THE DALLUL MAURI.



ENEMIES OF THE EXPEDITION: AREWA FOOTMAN AND ROWMAN.



IN THE THIRSTY DESERT: A RUN ON A WATER-HOLE.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: WITH THE SOKOTO BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



THE PROGRESS OF THE GERMAN NAVY: THE NEW ARMOUR-CLAD, "BRAUNSCHWEIG," AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED FOR SEA.

DRAWN BY MAJOR FIELD

The "Braunschweig," a new German ironclad of the first class, which has been recently launched at Kiel, will be the biggest and finest war-ship yet constructed for the German Imperial Navy. She has a displacement of 13,200 tons, is 400 ft. long, and has a beam of 73 ft. At the water-line she will be provided with a belt of Krupp steel having a maximum thickness of 9 in., although tapering to 4 in. at bow and stern. Her water-line will be still further protected by an armoured deck 3 in. in thickness. Her armament will consist, in the first place, of four 11-in. guns placed by pairs in her two larger barbettes; secondly, of fourteen quick-firing 6.7-in. guns, four of which will be located in the four smaller barbettes and the remainder on the main deck. As an auxiliary battery she will mount aloft, on the superstructure, upper and main decks, no less than twenty-four lighter rapid-fire guns, half being 20-pounders and the remainder 1-pounders.





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## LADIES' PAGES.

Countess Howe occupied the chair at a recent meeting of women journalists. The topic under discussion was the proposed new system of national defence, and the lecturer (General Webber) advocated a scheme of compulsory drill for all male citizens after and up to a certain age, and asked the ladies present to use their influence to bring this state of things about. The feminine speakers who took part in the discussion were very much opposed to the idea of compulsory service, which they thought was not at all in accordance with English ideas. Countess Howe was in favour of youths being early instructed in the use of fire-arms, and mentioned, with a pretty pride, how early her son had become proficient in this art. She was very much against compulsory service, and reminded the lecturer that Blenheim and Waterloo were not won by an army of conscripts. The Countess made an excellent president. She has a pleasant voice, great facility of speech, frank and unaffected manners, and the graciousness which marks the *grande dame*. She is the daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, therefore a descendant of the noted warrior of that name, and several references to her distinguished ancestor were made during the evening. The Countess was dressed in black with diamond mercury-wings in her hair. She was accompanied by the Duchess of Devonshire, who wore white satin with a wreath of green leaves studded with diamonds.

An interesting experiment is being tried at Cheltenham at present. Young ladies are being invited to learn domestic duties in a training-home in that town in order that they may perform the work of servants under the more pleasing title of "Dame of the Household." Whether this mediæval term will supply consolation under the trials of domestic labour is an open question, but the training-college is careful to secure the best conditions possible for the worker before it allows her to accept a situation, and her employers are obliged to provide her with a comfortable bed-room and with proper time for meals and recreation. The report of the college is just out, and the following facts that have been gleaned from its contents afford a fair idea of the progress of the society. During the past year it has educated forty-six ladies, twenty-eight of whom have obtained situations. "Unruffled contentment on both sides" is said to have been the happy lot of employers and employed in twelve cases out of the twenty-eight. Mistress and maid were indeed to be congratulated in these instances, unruffled contentment



CRÉPON, VELVET, AND LACE.

on both sides not often being felt by two people in any relation of life. Nine of the "Dames" have changed situations, but some of them from unavoidable reasons; two have given up altogether after unfortunate experiences, while two cannot be recommended again. The society is anxious to induce moderately well-educated young women to try domestic service, but it is too early yet to tell whether the movement will meet with more success than was gained by a similar idea inaugurated by Mrs. Crawshaw in which women of good family were to undertake household duties under the name of "lady-helps."

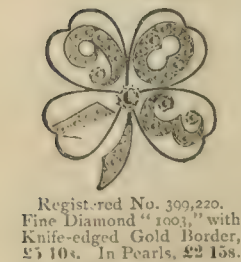
Many inquiries reach me with regard to the "trotting" skirt, such as, Will it be reserved for mornings, or may it be worn all day? The short skirt may possibly be used for visiting later on, but at present it is wisest to reserve it for the purpose which its name implies—to "trot" about in when doing morning shopping or going for a country walk. Visiting is usually done in the course of a drive, and a carriage-dress does not require to be curtailed, while a little train is a decided advantage to the appearance in a drawing-room. The short skirt is an American idea, but it was eagerly welcomed in Paris, a city in which there is much temptation to walk, yet where walking is particularly tiring. The fatigue of promenading on the asphalt is very great, and it is a comfort not to be required to hold up a skirt into the bargain. Taken on the whole, skirts are to be fuller than was the case last year, and cut with a subtlety which defies the power of the amateur to unravel. When flounces and fillings are used they will adorn the lower part only, starting a little below the knees. Sometimes the border of a skirt will be embellished with many rows of horizontal tucks, an upper skirt with tabbed edges being buttoned on to the top of this flounce. It is a long time since we have had so much trimming on skirts, but it is applied in an artistic way, and is undoubtedly a great help to the smartness of the general appearance.

There is some talk of an effort being made to revive the use of bonnets for young women. Their present total extinction is one of the notable signs of the times. There was a period when it was not considered correct for women to wear hats after early youth, and many ladies who now never dream of wearing other than hats and toques remember with amusement that they bought their first bonnet when they were about eighteen. The modern *élégante* knows absolutely nothing of this form of headgear, and alludes to it as something archaic. "What are bonnets?" asks the heroine of a recent novel. "I know all about hats, but what are bonnets?" I was reminded of this saying the other day when paying a visit to the *atelier* of a young society actress who has just set up a millinery establishment in the West End. There was not a sign of a bonnet in the place, with the exception of one which was designed for a child. It

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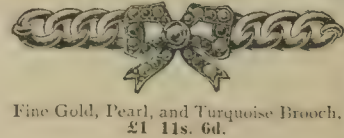
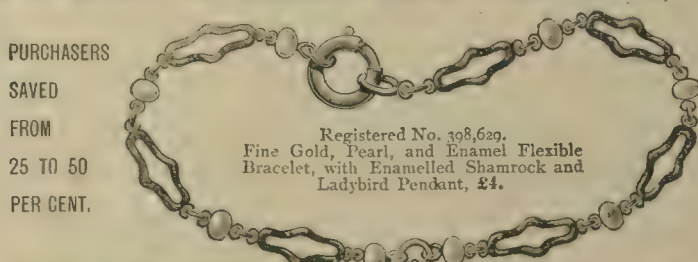
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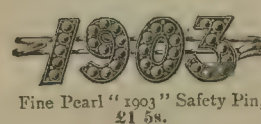
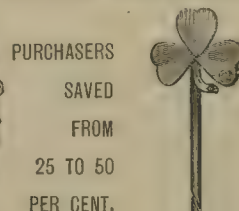
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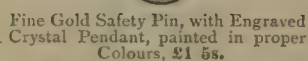
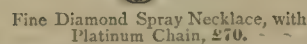
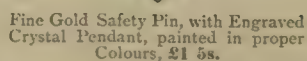
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was in Leghorn straw, tied with scarves of white chiffon, and had a white ostrich feather laid at either side, after the fashion of the early Victorian days. This prim form of headgear was intended for a child of from three to seven years of age, but her elders were to revel in the gayest of hats, trimmed with wreaths of forget-me-nots, chiffon, and lace. The principal beauty of many of the chapeaux lay in the straw shape itself; there was every variety of plait—straw like satin, like ribbon, or like a little bit pulled out of a hayrick. This last is made of bass, and is chiefly employed to edge the brim and to give a look of agreeable wildness to the confection. One hat was made in hemp-straw with numerous little bows of this material stuck about in odd places, and two white ostrich feathers hanging down at the side. Another pretty model was in beige straw with pale-blue bébé-ribbons (made of straw) run in and out of both brim and crown, the remainder of the trimming consisting of rouleaux of blue chiffon and sprays of forget-me-nots. A Napoleon hat was in white straw trimmed with biscuit-coloured chiffon and white wings kept in place by a diamond buckle. A great many theatrical ladies looked in on their *consaurs* during the course of the afternoon, and gave her a handsome amount of patronage, the majority of them purchasing a couple of hats each.

Gold and silver sequins were very much used at both the Court and also at the small dance given at Buckingham Palace, and they contributed greatly to the general brilliance of effect. Silver was particularly favoured at the dance, the Queen looking like a fairy vision in a filmy white dress embroidered in silver and diamonds, her ornaments being diamonds and pearls. To describe the other costumes worn is to say nothing but gold and silver over and over again. The Duchess of Buccleuch was dressed in cloth-of-gold embroidered in a pattern of large sprays of roses in white. The front of the dress was veiled with three deep flounces of old Brussels lace, through which the sheen of the foundation gleamed with every movement of the wearer. The berthe was formed of frills of the same lace relieved with a touch of mauve velvet. Lady Mary Grosvenor was in white tulle embroidered in silver, the Marchioness of Lansdowne in mauve and silver, and Viscountess Cranborne's white satin dress trimmed with silver embroidery was veiled entirely with white tulle spangled with silver. The débutantes chiefly had recourse to white chiffon, and they made one think of a flock of white doves. Billows of snowy whiteness surrounded the figures of the youthful wearers, and the fair faces and pure complexions looked all the fairer for this. "Acres of chiffon" are said to be required for the construction of these dresses, the skirts being gathered and ruched and flounced till they resemble a mass of whipped cream. Gowns of this description are very popular at present for evening wear, but they must not be trimmed with any lace or sequins, as that would be sufficient to spoil the style. Many of the



RIBBON AND VOILE, WITH A HANDKERCHIEF  
POINT COLLAR.

débutantes chose to carry their bouquets in the form of a sheaf of flowers, so as to show the stalks. The beauty of a flower-stem is quite a modern notion; such an idea was never thought of until lately.

Two excellent examples of the modern skirt appear in our illustrations this week. The one is gauged on the hips and ornamented with crossbars of lace, harmonising with the corsage, which is further trimmed by black velvet bands across the front, ending in rosettes. The other is trimmed with ribbon run in and out of the material, which is laid in box-pleats. A finishing touch is given by tassels on both skirt and sleeves.

Upon the occasion of the visit of their Majesties the King and Queen to Colonel Cody's "Wild West" Exhibition at Olympia, the royal party witnessed the performance from a special temporary royal box, hastily but artistically furnished and decorated for the purpose by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., the well-known firm in the Hampstead Road.

Every person has his or her own particular fancy with regard to soap, and a busy housewife was telling me the other day how many different kinds she has to provide for her family. One would only use violet soap, another old brown Windsor, and one (a young girl whose chief idea was to become a hospital nurse) would not look at anything but Wright's coal-tar. It was impossible to help thinking that the last-mentioned person made the wisest choice, and that it did credit to her scientific training. No one who goes about much in public conveyances in London or abroad can avoid the risk of infection, and it is wise to employ some antiseptic soap. Wright's coal-tar soap is thoroughly suited for this purpose, its singularly refreshing smell seeming to proclaim the health-giving properties contained in it. Dr. Johnson said there might be health without beauty, but never beauty without health. Coal-tar soap is as good for the complexion as it is for the health, and gives to one's ordinary ablutions something of the refreshing effect of a sea-bath.

A great variety of biscuits are being put upon the market, and the prudent housewife can obtain plenty of diversity in this department. Scotch biscuits have always enjoyed a particularly good reputation, and are usually eagerly inquired after by the masculine members of a family. These much-sought-after biscuits are produced by the firm of McVitie and Price, of the St. Andrew Biscuit Works, Edinburgh, and the Edinburgh Biscuit Works, London, and it is not surprising to those who know the excellence of their products to learn that they have just been appointed biscuit manufacturers to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. They held the same appointment to her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and still hold it to several other royalties.

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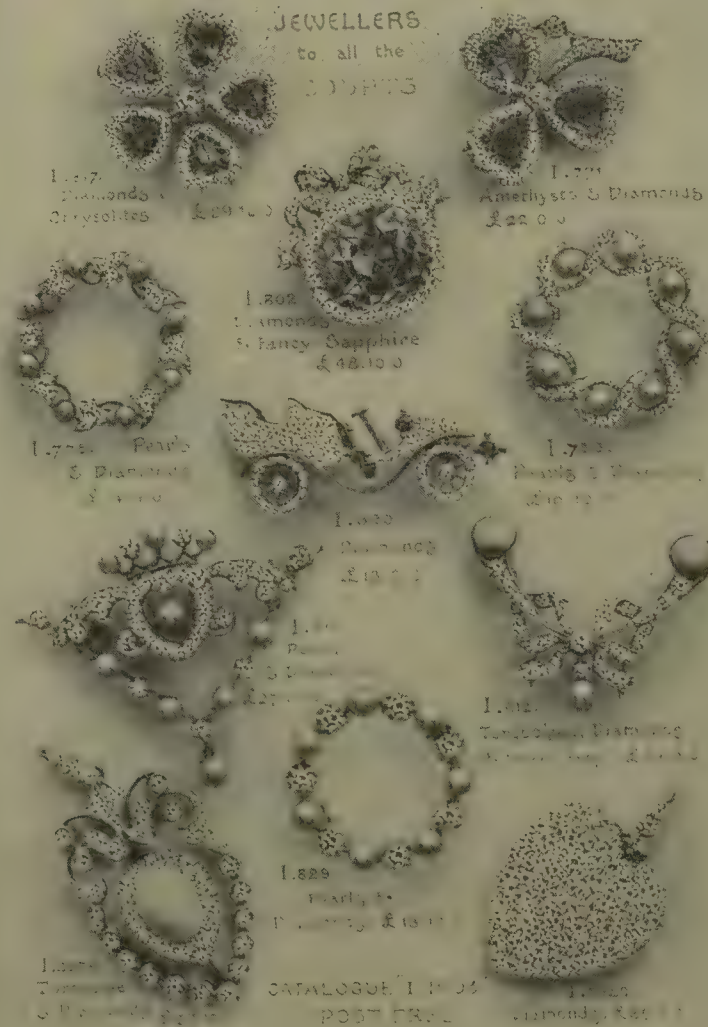
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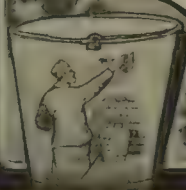


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## MUSIC.

On Saturday afternoon, March 14, there was a Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall. It began with a very fine rendering of the Symphony No. 5 of Tschai-kowsky. The work is so well known, and generally conceived to be one of the master's greatest compositions, that it would be superfluous to describe it; but Mr. Henry Wood seemed to bring out fresh beauties by his magnificent conducting. Saint-Saëns' Violin Concerto No. 3 was given, with M. Jacques Thibaud in the violin-solo part. He has not performed before at the Queen's Hall, but is already well known in the musical world as a violinist of marked ability. He played with such brilliancy and charm that he had to concede an encore. A Swiss vocalist, Mdlle. Marcella Pregi, was also heard for the first time. She has a beautiful high soprano voice of considerable compass, which has been trained in Paris. Her first song was one of Mozart's that is far too little known, and was therefore doubly welcome—a recitative and rondo, "Ch'io mi scordi di te." The song is scored for wind and strings with a clavier obbligato, which was played by Mr. Percy Pitt on a pianoforte. Mdlle. Marcella Pregi also sang "L'Esclave" of Lalo, "Der Nussbaum" of Schumann, and "Mermet" of M. Saint-Saëns. At the extra Symphony Concert announced for March 28 a third performance of "Ein Heldenleben," by Herr Richard Strauss, will be given by special request.

The Royal Academy Students' Concert on Friday, March 13, was chiefly noticeable for the first performance of "Burlaske," written by Herr Richard Strauss. Miss May



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN SOUTH LONDON: THE OPENING OF THE ST. SAVIOUR'S AND ST. OLAVE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, MARCH 14.

The opening of the St. Saviour's and St. Olave's Grammar School, which is situated in the New Kent Road, Southwark, marks the end of a friendly rivalry and connection which has existed between the schools of the parishes of St. Olave and St. Saviour since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The total cost of the site of the new school, which was formally opened by the Princess of Wales, was £11,500, and of the building itself some £20,000.

Burgess bravely attacked the piano-forte part and played with brilliancy and showed an admirable technique. The composition is too long—there are passages that are positively tedious. It has free use made of drums—five are employed, one being a "chromatic drum." Miss Katie Moss sang exceedingly well, among other songs, one with an orchestral accompaniment, entitled "Cleopatra."

On Saturday, March 14, the Bechstein Hall was filled to enjoy the fourth Chamber Concert of Miss Ethel Barns and Mr. Charles Phillips. The novelties were some of Mr. Alberto Randegger's compositions for the violin, entitled "Souvenir" and "Saltellato." The clever composer was to have played the accompaniment to Miss Ethel Barns's violin, but he was unable to be present. A sonata for the violin was also played, written by J. Carlowitz Ames. Mr. Charles Phillips sang admirably selections from Carl Loewe, Schumann, Tschai-kowsky, Coleridge Taylor, and Miss Ethel Barns. M. I. H.

On Wednesday, March 4, an interesting trial took place at Leyland of the first motor steam fire-engine supplied to an English fire-brigade. Steam was raised to working pressure in two minutes, and the motor started at once for a mile run to Farringdon Mill, and the pumps were got to work at a large pond. The most severe test of the engine was getting her in and out of the mill-yard. The ground was very soft in places, and two lines of railway metals had to be crossed. The Leyland Council were highly pleased with their purchase, which is by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, London.



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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1900), with a codicil (dated March 20, 1902), of Colonel Sir Edward Stock Hill, K.C.B., of Rookwood, Llandaff, and Hazel Manor, Compton Martin, Somerset, formerly M.P. for South Bristol, who died on Dec. 17, has been proved by Captain Eustace Tickell Hill, the son, and Charles Gathorne Hill, the nephew, the value of the estate being £206,564. The testator gives £15,000, and his share and interest in the Hazel Manor estate, in the Albion Dockyard, Bristol, and in Charles Hill and Son, to his son Eustace Tickell; £1500, his house and furniture at Sicily, an annuity of £2000, and the income from £15,000, to his wife, Dame Fanny Ellen Hill; £15,000 in trust for each of his daughters Mabel Frances, Constance Gertrude, and Gladys Claire; and other legacies. He also gives £300 to the Vicar of St. Mary's, Cardiff, in trust for the East Grinstead Sisters, while working in St. Mary's Parish; £100 each to the Vicars of St. Paul's and St. Luke's, Bedminster, in trust for the parish nurses; and £20 each to the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the Bristol Home for Incurables, and other charities. The residue of his estate he leaves to his sons, his son Eustace bringing into account the sum of £22,000, being the value of the testator's interest in the Albion Docks.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1888), with a codicil (dated Aug. 6, 1897), of Mr. Arthur Appleby, of Mill House, Enfield, Clayton-le-Moors, near Accrington, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on March 9 by Mrs. Annie Appleby, the widow, and Daniel Drew, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £203,246. The testator bequeaths £1000, the household effects, and the income from £40,000 to his wife; £10,000, in trust, for each of his daughters; and £30,000 each to his sons. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, the share of each son to be three times that of each daughter, and no daughter's share in such residuary estate is to exceed £15,000.

Probate of the will (dated Jan. 23, 1902) of the late Mr. Francis Noel Mundy, of Markeaton Hall, near Derby, who died on Jan. 10, was granted on the 5th inst. to the executors, Mrs. Emily Maria Georgina Mundy, the widow, and Mr. Godfrey Mosley, of Derby, solicitor, the gross value of the real and personal estate being sworn at £192,152. Testator devises his mansion-house and estate at Markeaton, and all other his real estate, to his wife, Emily Maria Georgina Mundy, and bequeaths to her all his personal estate.

The will (dated May 2, 1902), with a codicil (of Dec. 5 following), of Mr. William Kellett, J.P., of

Portland Bank, Southport, and of Wigan, who died on Feb. 3, was proved on March 10 by William Oswald Kellett, the son, and William Ratcliffe Ellis, the value of the estate being sworn at £178,047. The testator gives £900, the use of his residence, with the furniture, etc., and during her widowhood the income from £36,000, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Kellett; £10,000 each, in trust, for his sons Bainbridge Norman and Edward Bromley; £30,000, and on the decease of Mrs. Kellett a further sum of £36,000, in trust, for his children Mary Harriett, Norah Winifred, and Gilbert Hilton; and £50 each to William Ratcliffe Ellis and Hilda Brazer. All other his estate and effects he leaves to his son William Oswald.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1886), with a codicil (dated June 24, 1901), of Mr. William Killigrew Wait, of St. Vincent's Hall, Clifton, formerly M.P. for Gloucester, who died on Dec. 13, has been proved by Hamilton Wilfrid Killigrew Wait, the son, and Robert Lowe Grant Vassall, the executors, the value of the estate being £153,018. The testator gives £10,000 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Wait; £20,000, the Brimsfield Park estate, and all his freehold property in Gloucester to his son Hamilton Wilfrid; £20,000 to his son Hugh Godfrey; £10,000, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Frances

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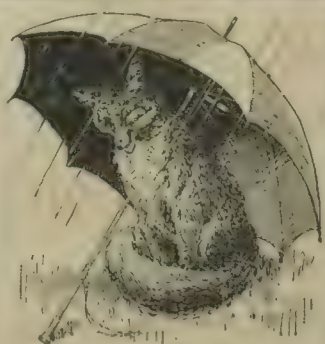
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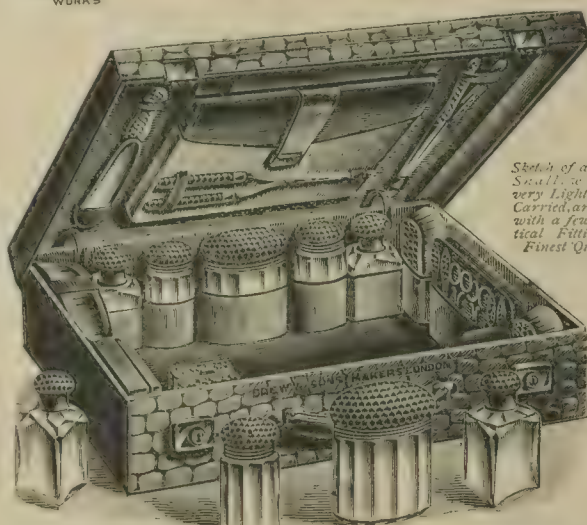
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Katherine Healey, in addition to £5000 given to her in his lifetime; £15,000, in trust, for each of his other daughters; £3000 to his sister Mrs. Emily Metford; £100 to the Bristol Royal Infirmary; £200 each to R. L. G. Vassall and John Charles Perrin; and a few small legacies to his partners and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then to his two sons.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1901) of Mr. Henry Roby Thorpe, of Nottingham, solicitor, who died on Jan. 21, has been proved by John Thorpe Perry, the nephew, and Godfrey Rathbone Benson, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £121,817. The testator bequeaths £500 and the income from £5000 to Jane Barker, for life, and then for his nephew John Thorpe Perry; £500 each to his executors; £1000 to Frederick Follet Younghusband Thorpe; £22,000, in trust, for his sister, Mrs. Sarah Roby Perry, for life, and then £3000 each to her seven children, and the surplus to her son John Thorpe Perry; £200 to Jacob B. Smith; and £500 to Mrs. Nelly Thorpe. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his niece Mrs. Dorothea Mary Roby Benson.

The will (dated March 14, 1899) of Mr. Edward Arthur Crompton, of Windley Hall, Derby, who died on Dec. 20, has been proved by George William Crompton and Charles Robert Crompton, the sons, and Matthew Attwood, the executors, the value of the estate being £73,573. The testator gives 150 shares

of £20 each in the Crompton and Evans Union Bank and 75 shares in the Stanton Ironworks Company to each of his brothers George William and Charles Robert; 58 of such bank shares each to his sisters Alice Maud and Dorothy Mary; and 50 shares in each company to his brother Francis Gilbert; and £100 to Matthew Attwood. He devises the property at Hollington and Longford, Derby, to his brother George William. The residue of his property he leaves to his brothers George William and Charles Robert.

Everyone seems to know instinctively when one has too much or too little flesh upon one's bones, and the time may come to many when the burden grows oppressive and causes alarm. To such sufferers Antipon should prove advantageous, because it not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality.

A new departure in estate development has been made at Coombe Hill estate, East Grinstead. Out of 220 acres some eighty acres of woodland have been set aside as parks for the enjoyment of the residents, to whom also is reserved permission to shoot over the coverts at stated times. Land is likewise to be allotted for cricket, tennis, bowls, and other forms of amusement. There are to be no streets, terraces, or crescents, for each house is to be so situated as to command an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Ryle will move from Exeter to Farnham about the end of April. He and Mrs. Ryle paid a visit last week to their future home. The Archbishop of Canterbury has been staying at Winchester as the guest of his old friends, the Bishop of Guildford and Mrs. Sumner.

The Bishop of Gibraltar, Dr. Sandford, has been somewhat seriously ill from hemorrhage of the lungs. After holding a series of well-attended meetings at the principal Riviera towns on behalf of the Gibraltar Mission to Seamen, he completely broke down at Hyères. The Archbishop of Cape Town and the Bishop of Carlisle took part in the closing meetings. Dr. Sandford had hoped to go on to Florence, Rome, Naples, and Palermo, but has been obliged to cancel his present engagements.

On March 26 the Corporation will elect the new Vicar of St. Peter's, Bethnal Green. The number of candidates has been reduced to five, and the selection will be made by ballot. The income of the benefice is £740 a year, with a house; but the neighbourhood is a very difficult and trying one.

The meetings of the Free Church Council at Brighton were in every respect successful. An excellent official handbook was published, containing portraits of all the leading speakers and descriptions of the various

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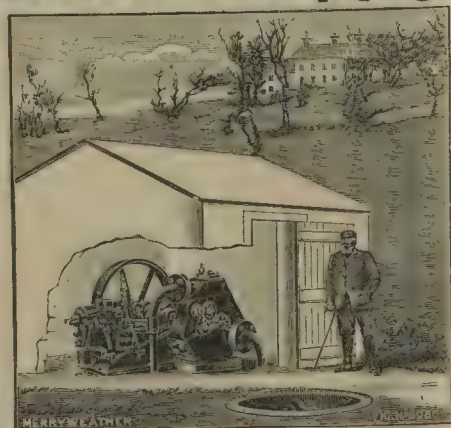
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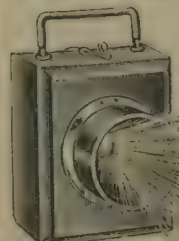
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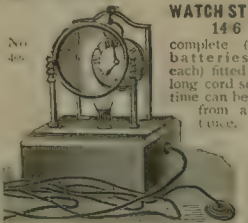
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Write to-day for Illustrated Catalogue No. 7, mentioning *The Illustrated London News*.  
CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd. (Dept. 7), 203, Regent St., London, W.



places of interest in and round the town. A pathetic feature of the meetings was the reading of the address which Dr. Parker prepared and on which he was occupied during the closing weeks of his life. He had been elected as President for the year, and almost to the end spoke hopefully of going to Brighton.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed at Union Chapel, Brighton, on the Sunday after the Rev. R. J. Campbell received the call to the City Temple. Long after every vestige of space in the church had been occupied and the notice in large letters, "Full," had been hung on the doors, men and women clamoured for admission. They crowded the vestibule, the

corridors, the waiting-rooms, and the gallery staircases, which were packed from top to bottom.

When Mr. Campbell announced that he had decided to accept the call to London, it was evident that the members were deeply touched, and many were moved to tears. Mr. Campbell and the deacons of the City Temple are determined that the Brighton Church shall suffer no financial loss by its minister's removal to London. It is also understood that the change will not take place until a settlement is in view at Union Chapel, but Mr. Campbell has asked his people not to allow a very long interregnum.

Few clergymen have had a more adventurous life than the Rev. T. G. Rogers, whose death at

Melbourne was recently announced. Mr. Rogers was in his ninety-ninth year, and in the early part of the nineteenth century had served as a convict-ship chaplain. He went out to Tasmania more than sixty years ago, and his experiences amongst the convicts were utilised by the late Marcus Clarke in his realistic novel, "For the Term of his Natural Life." Lord Rosebery greatly admired this book, which he described as the most terrible of all novels, more terrible than "Oliver Twist" or Victor Hugo's most startling effects, for the simple reason that it is "more real." Late in life Mr. Rogers joined the Roman Catholic Church, and engaged in frequent controversy with his Anglican brethren.

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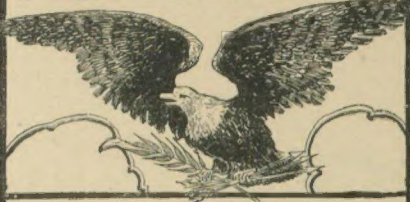
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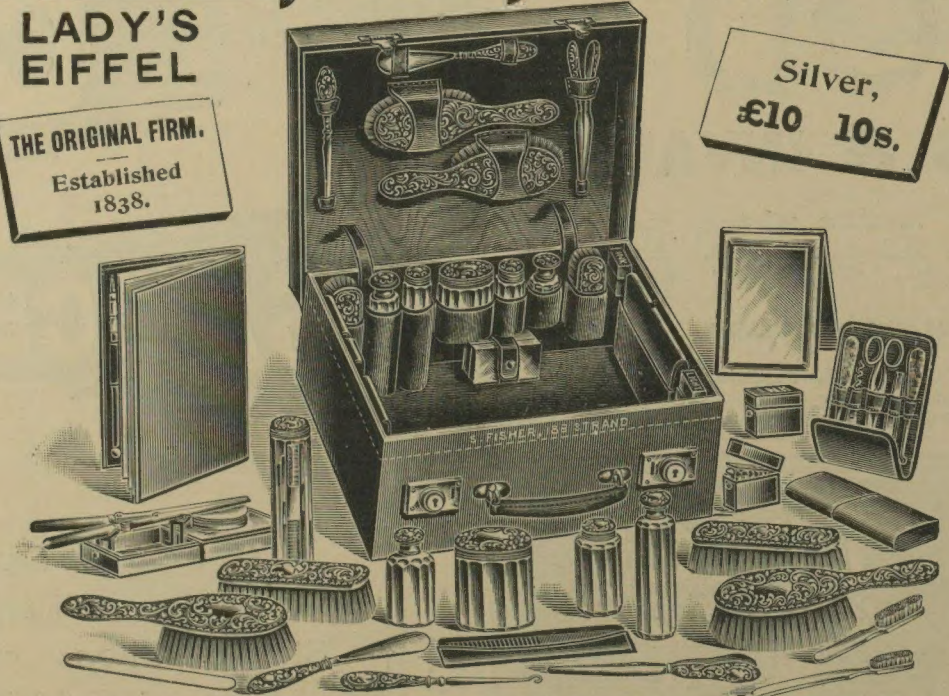
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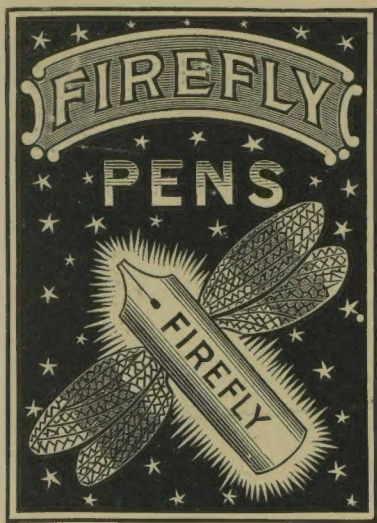
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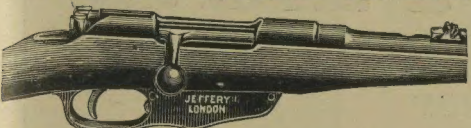




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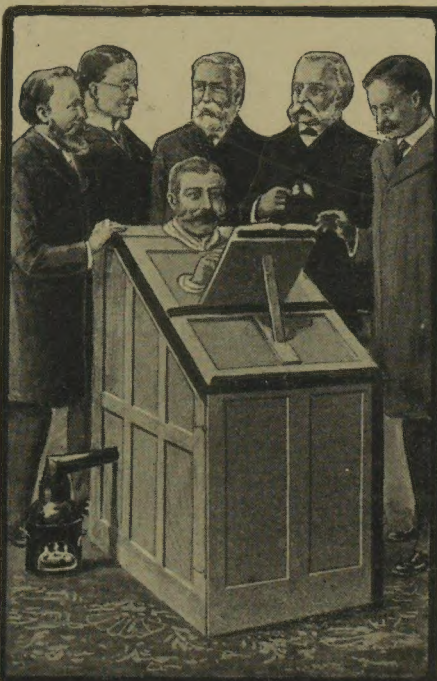
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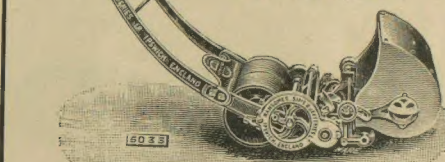
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## WHITENS THE TEETH,

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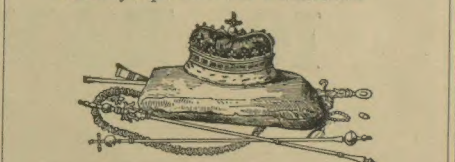
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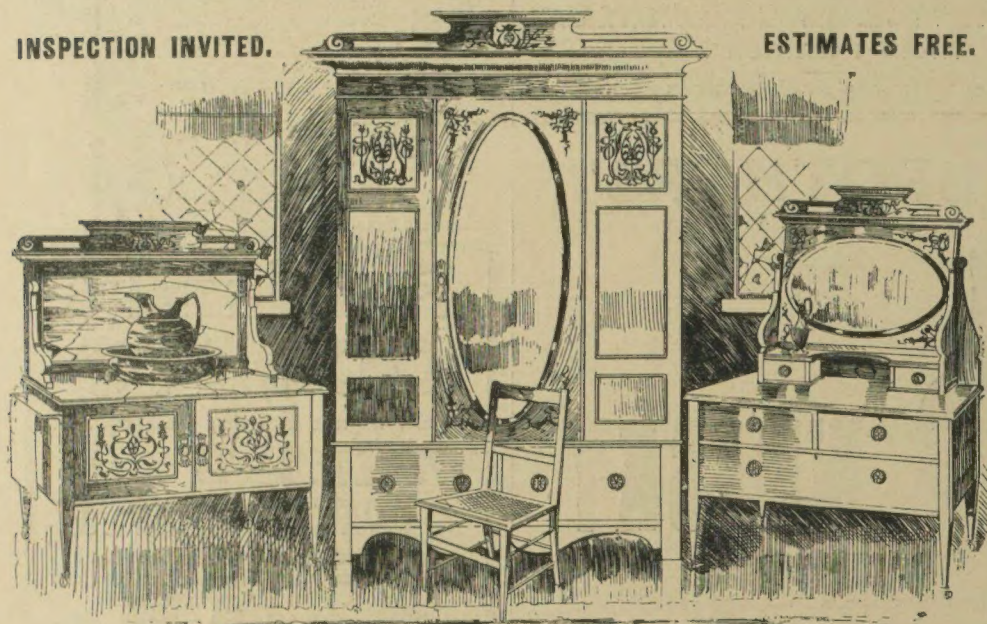
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